FILE

THE LIVING AGE

The World in Review

In This Number:

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March 12, 1935 (A Story)	*Agnes Dunker*
'M'	*F. A. Kramer*

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THE LIVING AGE

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THE LIVING AGE was established by E. Littell, in Boston, Massachusetts, May, 1844. It was first known as LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, succeeding *Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature*, which has been previously published in Philadelphia for more than twenty years. In a prepublication announcement of LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, in 1844, Mr. Littell said: 'The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travelers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world; *so that much more than ever, it now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries.*'

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THE GUIDE POST

JEAN GIONO has been described as 'the only French novelist whose resources and technique arise not from the historical form of the novel but from poetry—lyric poetry, sometimes epic poetry, and more often cosmic poetry.' Everything Giono writes bears the mark of the poet upon it: it is lyric prose, a strange and wholly individual combination of prose and song. Giono is the poet of the French countryside and of the French peasant, of man and nature, and the relation of man to nature. His books (*Le Grand Troupeau*, *Jean-le-Bleu*, *Chant du monde*, *Que ma Joie demeure*) stand apart: there is nothing else in all French literature quite like them.

In *Farewell to Paris* (which is to form a chapter of a forthcoming book, *Les vraies Richesses*), this countryman with the gift of song turns to the city, and though he professes to hate it, and hastens to leave it, he nevertheless succeeds in describing it more vividly than any of the dozens of sentimental Paris-lovers ever has. [p. 8]

THE men whom the newspapers are fond of calling 'trained observers' are predicting that, after France and Spain, the country which is likeliest to be the scene of a violent upheaval is Poland. About Polish domestic politics all too little is known abroad, and that little is often more confusing than illuminating. In the article which we have translated from the *Europe Nouvelle* S. M. Teitelbaum reduces the confusion to order. [p. 21]

AS THE London *Spectator's* Parliamentary Correspondent points out in the debate we reproduce in this issue, it is a strange fact, but it is a fact, that, despite the ineptitudes and misfortunes of Britain's 'National' Government the only existing Opposition party, the Labor Party, apparently cannot obtain enough support from the electorate to defeat it. The *Spectator* correspondent thinks he knows the reasons for Labor's failure, and he sets them down with the kind of self-assurance which is always bound to bring a heated reply. [p. 28]

THE reply was not long in coming, for one week after the attack appeared the *Spectator* published an article by Sir Stafford Cripps vigorously denying the charges its Parliamentary Correspondent had made about Labor and Labor's leaders. Though he admits that Labor has so far failed of its goal, Sir Stafford (who is himself a Labor M. P., and the leader of the Socialist League) argues that the failure is not of Labor's making. [p. 31]

THE two short stories which we have brought together under the rubric 'Life under the Terror' both have to do with Nazi Germany. The first, by a man who calls himself Jan Petersen, but who is in all probability a refugee writing under a pseudonym, recounts an episode in the underground movement. [p. 46]

THE second, by an Englishwoman, Miss Agnes Dunker, turns on the dilemma of a small town parson. Like thousands of others, Pfarrer Lorenz could not make the choice between his conscience and his duty to his family. It is a situation in which many intelligent Germans have found themselves since Hitler came to power; and if few of them have chosen the Pfarrer's particular avenue of escape, that is only because they have put their families first. [p. 49]

'MAD dogs and Englishmen go out in the noonday sun,' according to Beatrice Lillie's song; and wherever you travel in this world you are sure to meet them. A few

(*Continued on page 94*)

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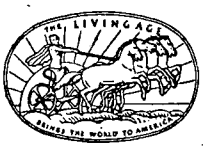
In 1844



September, 1936 *Volume 351, Number 4440*

The World Over

WHILE MOST JOURNALS regard the Italian Government as the principal backer of the Spanish rebellion, the *Lumière* claims that the British financial oligarchy played a more powerful rôle in the plot, and notes that the City received the news of the outbreak from Morocco 'with no surprise and much satisfaction.' British capital has heavy interests in Spain. British investors hold large blocks of stock in railroads, mines, power plants and shipyards. Sir Basil Zaharoff and Vickers, Limited own nearly one-third of the capital of the Sociedad Española de Construccion Naval. British firms entirely dominate such companies as The Sevilla Waterworks Company, Limited, the Compania General Canaria de Combustibles, the Tharsis Sulphur Copper Mines, Limited and the famous Rio Tinto Copper Mines, Limited, one of the largest copper mines in the world. Also, Sir Henri Deterding has no more forgotten his rough treatment at the hands of the Spanish Oil Monopoly than he has the confiscation of his holdings in Russia. These great interests fear that as the Spanish Government moves further Left they will lose the virtual extra-territorial rights which they have enjoyed for many years. Finally, the fact that British business exerts strong control over Portugal suggests that the City was by no means indifferent to the aid which the rebels obtained from this quarter.

In this the financial powers appear to diverge sharply from the policy of the Foreign Office, which takes a long-range Imperial view. Several months ago THE LIVING AGE pointed out that the British had invested

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11 million pounds in the fortification of the Balearic Islands. In case of war between Italy and Britain, these islands might successfully challenge Mussolini's power in the Mediterranean, assist in keeping the route to India clear and block Italy's way to the Atlantic. Triumph of the Fascist rebels, with their well-known connections with Italy, might prove to be a defeat for Britain. Again, as in the case of the Abyssinian war and the Rhineland reoccupation, a division of attitudes in Britain's governing class prevents her from taking decisive action one way or the other.

FRANCE'S NEW DEAL is already displaying some of the defects that have accompanied the Roosevelt experiment. The new wage increases won by the strikers affect adversely an element even more powerful in France than in the United States—the small employers and tradesmen. This the *Lumière*, faithful supporter of the Popular Front, somewhat lamely admits. The paper analyzes the effects of the new wage and labor laws on a small contractor. The contractor, who claims to have voted for the Popular Front candidate in his district, writes in to mourn the effect of its legislation on his business. Before the advent of Blum, this contractor paid 270,000 francs annually in wages and earned a margin of 60,000 francs to cover his own salary, overhead and profits. After the strikes, however, he found himself faced with additional expenses as follows: the 10 per cent wage increase—27,000 francs; vacations with pay—11,250 francs; the forty hour week—44,928 francs: a total of 83,178 francs in all. 'Where,' he complains, 'am I going to get the 83,178 francs if I earn only 60,000?'

The *Lumière* recognizes the problem, but after rather half-heartedly suggesting credits to small industry, it exhorts the correspondent with an inspirational appeal that has all the ring of General Hugh Johnson's hoarse invocations.

> Confidence! The Popular Front will support you as it promised. The Right's policy of deflation was conducting you to ruin. The Left's policies will give you the means of living from honest work in a free and happy France.

But while a few Radical papers like the *Lumière* remain hopeful, others which formerly supported the Popular Front express themselves less optimistically. Attacks on the Blum government from not only such lesser Radical sheets as the *République* and the *Ère Nouvelle*, but also the great organ of the Radical party, the *Dépêche* of Toulouse, grow in number. Even Roger Mennevée, one of the stalwarts in the recent campaign against the 'financial oligarchy,' forecasts serious trouble for the Popular Front:—

> The realization of the reforms granted to the strikers—collective contracts,

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the forty hour week, paid vacations—can only serve the interest of the financial and industrial oligarchy. For by taking contracts from the State and by introducing methods of rationalization, the great industrial enterprises will not suffer from these 'financial sacrifices.' On the other hand, it is undeniable that small and medium-sized enterprises cannot support these new expenses, that they will disappear little by little, with benefit to the oligarchy. Thus what we call the 'industrial and commercial French bourgeoisie' will be blotted out. The strike victory—'democratic victory,' the strikers call it—contains the germs of such development. It remains to be seen whether this disappearance of the 'industrial bourgeoisie' will be particularly favorable to 'democracy.'

THIS SITUATION is ripe for the rise of a demagogue with a strong appeal to the *petite bourgeoisie* and the workers. Since the decline of Colonel de La Rocque, French conservatives have been seeking such a leader to challenge the power of the Popular Front. Apparently they have now given their approval to Jacques Doriot, mayor of St. Denis, one of the largest of the Red Belt suburbs which surround Paris. Mr. Doriot's credentials for demagogy suggest that he may be able to attract the proletarian following which the Croix de Feu leader so completely antagonized. Born the son of a blacksmith, he began his career as a metal worker. After serving in the war, he celebrated demobilization by joining the Communist Party. After some years as a Communist deputy, he was expelled from the party for advocating the Popular Front, then anathema to Moscow. This experience so embitterd him against the Communist Party that, when the Communists finally endorsed the step he originally proposed, he attacked the Popular Front as a creation of Soviet Russia, and displayed in his attacks fully as much zeal as the Fascists.

Now Doriot has founded a new party, the Parti Populaire. Its program denounces Moscow as the 'menace,' and Mr. Doriot's former comrades as 'the flunkeys,' 'of Soviet nationalism.' The constructive part of the program possesses a vaguely Fascist, semi-authoritarian character. In it Doriot deprecates the 'stay-in' strikes and makes a bid for the support of the *petite bourgeoisie* by calling for legislation to assist small industry. The new *Parti* and Doriot have received favorable notice from newspapers formerly friendly to the Croix de Feu. The *Populaire*, organ of the Socialist party, attacks him as a Fascist adventurer and seeks to trace his backing:—

The officials of the great trusts are disgusted with Colonel de La Rocque and worried about the activities of the Left Government. Doriot is their last card. They find in Doriot everything that La Rocque lacked: the manners of the mob, the language of the people, physical strength, personal ambition and lack of scruples. Add to this a ferocious hate of Communism. He is the man! His anti-Marxist and nationalistic program fulfills all their needs. Is it not true that on the

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evening of the 24th of June, Doriot met the emissaries of the Comité des Forges? Is it not also true that the Comité des Forges is disposed to support him for at least a year? Here are some of the most enthusiastic individuals invited to the first meeting of the party: Pierre Dominique (editor of the *République*, recently prominent in the attack on the Popular Front); Drieu la Rochelle (Fascist and a writer for the Croix de Feu organ, *Flambeau*); Madame Raoul Duval (of the '200 families' of the Bank of France); Mr. Roger de Saivre (of the Fascist organization *Jeunesses Patriotes*); and Mr. Bertrand de Jouvenel (who has lately developed Fascist tendencies).

WINSTON CHURCHILL startled England not long ago by declaring that Germany is spending the colossal sum of 800 million pounds sterling a year on rearmament—about four times the present swollen military budget of His Majesty's Government. Sir Arnold Wilson, who has become one of the outstanding apologists for Germany in England, characterized this estimate as a typical Churchill exaggeration. While admitting that present importations of certain raw materials and certain lines of industrial production come to much more than in the year 1929, Sir Arnold claims that these increases represent largely non-military activities.

Both parties find it difficult to substantiate their assertions with well-grounded facts. But the *Neues Tage-buch*, German émigré weekly published in Paris, attacked Sir Arnold's conclusion with some convincing statistics taken from official Nazi sources. Breaking down Germany's economic figures into four categories—production for export, consumer's goods, producer's goods, and construction of building and machinery—this paper produces evidence showing that civil production plays a lesser part than military production. For instance, under the fourth category residential building, which in 1928 amounted to 36 per cent of all building activity, totaled but 17 per cent in 1935. Likewise factory construction fell from 33 per cent in 1928 to 15 per cent in 1935. On the other hand, 'public construction' rose from 31 per cent in 1928 to 68 per cent in 1935. Since 'public construction' includes neither houses, factories nor roads, and very few official government buildings have been built, the inference follows that this large increase represents fortifications, aerodromes, barracks, etc. Indeed, in all four categories production for civil purposes runs from 40 to 50 per cent of the 1929 figure of 34.3 billion marks, or approximately 16 billion marks. Taking into account the fall in the price level since 1929, the *Tage-buch* statistical expert reduces this figure to 12 billion marks. Subtracting this from 28 billion marks, the amount of all production in 1935, the *Tage-buch* concludes that Germany's war spending last year reached a total of 16 billion marks. On the exchange value of registered marks, this almost exactly corresponds to Churchill's estimate.

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DR. LEY, head of the Nazi Arbeitsfront, recently launched an attack on Germany's great landed proprietors, the *Junkers*. This official expressed indignation at the fact that while millions of farmers hold but a few hectares, some thousands of *Junkers* retain the lion's share of German agricultural land. Some observers see in this the commencement of a drive against the vested interests. As a matter of fact, this problem is by no means new. It constituted one of the greatest obstacles to progress under the Weimar Republic, and when Bruning made preparations to split up the great East Prussian estates, intrigues by the *Junkers* led to his fall. Statistics show that 17,000 proprietors own more than 4 million hectares, or one-fifth of the cultivatable area of Germany, and 9 million hectares of timber land—in all about 38 per cent of the forests and fields of the country. A list of these proprietors includes the ex-Kaiser Wilhelm, with 97,043 hectares, and such members of the nobility as the Prince of Pless, Prince Hohenlohe-Öringen, Prince von Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, etc. At the other end of the scale, 1,600,000 farmers own but 3½ million hectares (800,000 own less than 2 hectares apiece). The injustice of this situation provides good ammunition for the Left-wing of the Nazi party in their intermittent warfare against such conservatives as Göring and Schacht.

The *Neue Weltbühne*, however, expresses the belief that Dr. Ley's efforts will not proceed very far. In the first place, Hitler has never shown himself favorable to real land reform. Although his *Ostsiedlung* ('colonization of the East') formed part of his early program, it has remained a dead letter. In 1932 Hitler formally assured the *Junkers* that the National Socialist party, once in office, would never touch their privileges, and thus obtained their support in his rise to power. Moreover, the magnates of heavy industry maintain a strong political alliance with the *Junkers*. Some possess large estates themselves—Krupp owns 5,000 hectares, von Borsig 5,000, von Siemens 2,500, etc. Finally, the Reichswehr has an interest in the *status quo*. Many of the high officers come from the *Junker* class: von Blomberg has an estate of 2,300 hectares. The Reichswehr strongly opposes any measures attacking private property and has even disapproved such orthodox Nazi activities as the expropriation of Jewish property. This alliance of landowners, army and industry would be a rather formidable citadel for the National Socialists to storm.

The *Neue Weltbühne* expects Dr. Ley's crusade to fail, but predicts that some window-dressing will cover its real lack of force. Now that the Protestant and Catholic Churches are fighting a rather unsuccessful rear-guard action with the Government, confiscation of some of their large agricultural estates might not prove difficult. This would go far towards allaying the discontent of the masses with the rising cost of living.

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GERMAN INFLUENCE extends much further into the Baltic than Danzig. The *Völkischer Beobachter* and the military review *Deutsche Wehr* have recently taken the trouble to point out that, with the permission of Sweden, Finland could fortify the Aaland Islands. German interest in this matter is governed by naval strategy. Germany's fleet may soon achieve a strength sufficient to dominate the Baltic, and German diplomats have been maintaining extremely cordial relations with Finland's anti-Soviet Government. With Finnish coöperation, the Aaland Islands would provide an excellent base for naval operations against Russia, the one country in this area whose naval forces could challenge Germany's.

Sweden's attitude toward the fortification of the islands remains uncertain. Although the Swedes took care to announce that it had no political implications, German papers have attached much significance to the King of Sweden's recent visit to President Svinhufvud of Finland. But other developments suggest that a pro-German orientation has commenced not only in Sweden but also in Norway and Denmark. Conservative parties in Sweden, friendly to Germany, recently overthrew the Socialist government of Albin Hanson, and have since increased the defence budget. A German naval squadron payed a visit to Stockholm in June. German capital has lately acquired heavy interests in steel, iron ore, aluminum, munitions, rayon and timber enterprises in both Norway and Sweden. Danish politicians daily express the fear that Sweden may draw away from so feeble an ally as Denmark, which lies virtually unprotected from a German attack; and the Danish Government takes a conciliatory line in its relations with Berlin.

At a recent inter-parliamentary conference of the three Scandinavian nations, a Norwegian delegate proposed that these nations take the initiative in calling for an air pact between the Scandinavian states, Germany, Russia, France and Britain, exactly like the pact demanded by Hitler in March. German papers noted this proposal with satisfaction. All this demonstrates that Germany in the past few months has been playing as important a rôle in the Baltic as in the Balkans.

GERMANY has commenced a drive—diplomatic and economic, with military trimmings—on Czechoslovakia. In Poland the pro-German Colonel Beck thunders about alleged bad treatment of Poles in Teschen, Czechoslovakia, and Premier Gömbös of Hungary renews his demand for the return of the Hungarian minority in Slovakia. The London *Daily Worker* claims that Hungary and Poland plan to take the question of racial minorities in Czechoslovakia to Geneva. The League will thus provide a sounding-board for a large-scale propaganda attack on Czechoslovakia.

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Concurrently, military preparations go swiftly forward. The Nazis have constructed underground aerodromes along the Czechoslovakian frontier. Nazi troops have conducted maneuvers all along this frontier, and scarcely a week passes without a Nazi officer's being found 'accidentally' straying among the defence works on the Czechoslovakian side. Construction work has commenced to make the Breslau railroad junction one of the best equipped railway war depots in Europe. German bombers have been sold to Hungary and German agents have discussed with members of the Hungarian Government plans for a joint German-Hungarian attack on Czechoslovakia.

On the economic front, Dr. Schacht has recently begun to play the game which proved so successful in Yugoslavia and other Balkan states. In the past few months, Germany has made large purchases of Czechoslovakian goods, and, as in the case of the Balkan nations, the Germans buy but do not pay in cash. Thus the way is paved for Germany to run in debt and decline to pay until Czechoslovakia takes more German goods. As has been demonstrated further down the Danube, this trail leads to German economic control and increased political influence.

UNTIL RECENTLY, Czechoslovakia answered this drive with defiant measures. The new National Defence Act transferred a six mile wide belt of territory along the extensive frontier from civil to military authority. Trade and commerce, particularly building activity of all kinds, come under this control. Vast fortifications have been started. A Russian military mission has visited Prague and a new railway line has been planned through Rumania to facilitate troop movements from Russia.

Nevertheless the news of the new Austro-German pact, coming as it did in the midst of these preparations, produced something like panic in Czechoslovakia. The little republic stands in a very precarious position, virtually surrounded by potential enemies. If a real *Anschluss* follows the new Austro-German pact, the situation will become critical. Therefore it is not surprising that Prague should show a sudden disposition to negotiate with Berlin. Immediately after the announcement of the Austro-German pact, Premier Milan Hodža paid a visit to Vienna and a short time later Czechoslovakia opened parleys with the German government in Berlin. The London *Observer* interprets this new development:—

> If Czechoslovakia is to survive, her neighbors must be friends, not enemies. Poland has made her direct understanding with Germany. Austria has openly declared her membership of the German race. Hungary is watching for her opportunity. Czechoslovakia has no wise alternative to taking her part as promptly as may be in the race for regional understandings in Continental Europe. She must seek an amicable direct arrangement with Poland, Hungary, Austria, Germany. There is no alternative.

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One of the giants of modern French letters writes a prose-poem on Paris.

Farewell *to* Paris

By Jean Giono

Translated by Henry Bennett

From *Marianne*, Paris Liberal Weekly

Liberty is no food for people born in captivity.

When I am in Paris, I put up at a little hotel in the Rue du Dragon, a house and a neighborhood to which I have been faithful for seven years. I have, naturally, taken root to some extent, not merely as people do ordinarily, but over all my body's surfaces. If I am to live at all, I must be positively bristling with roots, like a sort of marine flower, but one that drifts amid the solid flesh of mountains and of men.

I have been on good terms with the hotel-keeper and his wife and their little boy for a long time. I have made friends with the newsagent whose shop is next door to the hotel. He is a pallid, faded fellow with a moustache like drooping moss and velvet eyes with such heavy lids that they seem to have used up his sight, leaving no more of it to him than a silky thread that floats in the air of the street.

On the other side of the hotel there is a coal-dealer. When I come toward the Rue du Dragon in the evening from the Boulevard Saint-Germain, the street is peaceful and very dark. On the right one can barely make out the door of a warehouse; opposite is an empty stall that glitters because it has borne fish all day and is covered with a film of multi-colored scales. The gas-jet hangs above Number 27. The street bulges a little, but the light glimmers close to the wall and dances over the fish-scales. The grocer has shut his shop; so have the hairdresser and the newsagent. Everyone, in fact. The street is empty. But all of them have left marks, like the fish-scales, before their doors.

When I come into the Rue du Dragon at night, I feel myself surrounded by dead things. I have done my best to dwell on the romanticism of the darkness, the street, the gas-jet, the pavement. I like the Rue du Dragon better than a hundred thousand Paris streets with all the splendid things you could show me in them—Notre Dame, the islands, the secret

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gardens between houses, the sky above the Seine. And it hurts me to know that the street is dead. I have tried to touch it as I might touch a valley or a mountain, but the hollow of my hand did not answer to it. The street's substance has lost its savor. The city's substance has lost its savor. Man, if he wants to, may eke it out in perspective or pile it up in architectural order; for me it has only the awful density of a thing that is dead.

The hotel-keeper comes from Touraine. I met him one day and said: 'They're going to rebuild the Chaumont bridge.' He called his wife to tell her about it. The coal-dealer comes from the Cevennes. I drink with him at his counter. The newsagent is from Picardy. One rainy evening we talked about Amiens and undulating plains. I noticed that he has gluttonous lively lips. He stretches the little sight he has and lights it up at will. He reads; he gnaws the skin of his right thumb. He can talk about the Seine, but I remark that when he does, he strips her of her harness of bridges, her armor of palaces and churches, her vestment of houses, and speaks of her as though she were a naked river. The grocer comes from Piedmont. He remembers the pass of La Blache. He took me into the room behind his shop, where his wife has organized a little *salon*. The chairs are adorned with embroidery. The restaurant-keeper, opposite the hotel, is a Parisian. The wood-seller at the other end of the street, where it meets the Rue de la Croix-Rouge, hails from the Vosges. He knows three ways of chopping wood. He has a quite special, private blow of the wrist. When he touches his axe, it knows and obeys. In the evening he is never at his post. Sometimes I come as far as his place on my way home and knock on his shutters. He can tell me what he thinks of the dead street, but he is a robust bachelor: he's gone off looking for easy hunting.

Nothing the poets have sung about the city touches these men.

In the morning the cries of glaziers and old-clothes-men awaken me. I draw the curtains. An abyss of sky has opened over the street; I can imagine its depth but not its extent. The odyssey of the clouds and the fabulous lives of monsters come out of the black roofs of the house over the way, and disappear, hidden by my own roof. The sky is stifling. It strikes the air from the lungs with a single blow, like a man's terror at the sudden sight of a precipice.

In this city, where men are heaped up together like the rakings of an ant-hill, what seizes me, what fills me with cold fear, is the emptiness, the sensation of degraded solitude. I feel that no single one of all these humans busies himself with natural work. I feel all the things the city forces them to do. Outwardly they are deformed from contact with their dwelling-place. Among them are people who have not felt the earth under their feet since who can tell how long! The sensitive skin of the great toe—and strong walkers retain it in spite of the longest journeys—the little spot by which you can measure the distance you go, knows nothing but the feel of leather, and under the leather, the pavement. There is nothing else to know.

I watch the way the women walk towards my friend the grocer's, or to the Saint-Germain-des-Prés bus station. Some of them do not wear high heels; they may have a normal walk,

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but their feet no longer know the taste of the earth. They have used their divine power on artificial matter without magic arteries; on dead cement from which the electric elasticity that carries and lifts the steps cannot surge.

I can pick out the born Parisians and those born on the land from the passers-by and classify them exactly. Some of them are already dead up to their hips. I see others who are quite dead, whose flesh has never known the real world at all. They make unconnected gestures, gestures without significance, gestures that are meaningless. I am quite alone in the midst of them. I should be more at my ease in the world of the fish or the bees; there I should be aware of the extensions of myself, of my accord with the real essence of things.

Meanwhile the noble morning light flows from the east as if it were in a natural land. It passes obliquely above the Académie Jullian and thence towards the old offices of the *Nouvelle Revue Française*. I imagine it afterwards, crossing the avenues, esplanades and streets dividing the Seine, going as far as Montfort l'Amaury, and then, the country.

Until nine in the morning the street is a corridor for people on their way to work. But work is no longer measured in terms of the man, of his happiness, of his heart. It has grown ugly, useless, ravenous. It seems to exist only to devour human material; it does not function according to natural laws; it has nothing to do with the admirable work-sense of man. It is impersonal, collective, empty, useless; every day it destroys the beauty of life in half-a-million human beings. Nothing it creates is good. The manufactured things I touch have invisible seams that catch and irritate my fingertips. None of them gives pleasure to my hands. The things are made of dying substances. Their makers lacked time and will, they have lost the wit to keep life in the substances they work with. It is true that the workers' time is mostly thankless and unhealthy. No one wants beautiful things, but things that can be made quickly, cheaply, plentifully. Such poor things make timid efforts to penetrate into my comfortable surroundings. What can they offer me? But I do not repulse them; I look sadly at them; they are like the wood of a cross on which men and women are crucified uselessly each day.

I often pass my hands over the wide, smooth surface of a peasant wardrobe. A village carpenter built it long ago.

II

The men and women who pass through the Rue du Dragon from seven to nine in the morning go on their way to work quickly, unthinkingly. At first the stream is thickest from the Rue de la Croix-Rouge to the Boulevard Saint-Germain. At the end of the street they all turn to the right for the bus stop opposite the Café des Deux-Magots. About eight o'clock there is a moment of peace. Housewives pass softly, in slippers. Then the flow moves in two directions at once; there are those who go toward the bus and those who come from it. They are men, women, and young girls, all in 'correct' uniform. The men wear dark colors or black; clean collars and precise ties. Most of them wear cuffs. The women dress rather less stiffly, but still with great restraint. They are

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all employees going to the Bon Marché. I see them all at the point where the Rue de la Croix-Rouge crosses the Rue du Dragon. They pass on, leaving no trace of themselves on the pavement. They seem to be quite without density. And I think that they have been plump babies, full of milk, with fat hands, who called the trees and the birds to them.

I go with all of them as they pass through the Rue du Dragon from seven to nine in the morning. I do not leave them when they come to the places where they work. I do not leave them while they work; I never leave them. Even now I think of them. I am the comrade beside them. I am the companion who opens the door, who enters, who sits down next to whoever sits and works, who stands next to whoever stands, who bends with whoever bends. I am the fellow who comes in and talks about life. And you may tell me everything you want to, all your most secret hopes and desires (for I trust you still have hopes and desires, and if you have none, I will give them to you); I am the companion who has worked beside you, with your very movements and your very despair, your emptiness, your death in my flesh.

The boss does not see me; I sit next to you and whisper. I bring you the forests, the seas, the mountains. With you I see the gray day beyond your office windows. I tap the keys of your typewriter and help you in your work. I do bad carpentry with you, and plane the poor white wood that sticks to the plane, and, with you, I paint it with lying colors to look like oak. We remember, you and I, the fine oaken planks and the sawmill in a mountain valley, and the strong smell of the great trunks hewn into planks by the wheel that the cataract turned.

I am with you while you weigh diamonds. I am with you while you sell sheets, ironmongery, perfume, shoes, stationery; while you wrap up books, sell newspapers, wait in cafés or restaurants, wipe up the beer that has been spilled on the tables, regulate traffic, drive buses or underground trains or taxis, roll barrels of wine along the quays, fill wagons with sand, dig trenches for gas pipes and telephone wires, type letters from dictation, take telephone messages, rivet girders, cut leather, take barges along the Seine, print the latest edition. I am with you while you execute sordid commissions in the cafés of Montparnasse, keep an eye on your prostitute, take strangers to the brothel, run a drug agency with its warehouse under the chair of the lady who keeps the public lavatory.

I am with you no matter what your task may be; and I tell you that the world takes you as you are; the world cannot forgive you because there is nothing to forgive. I tell you that the fields of grain, the meadows in flower, the cataracts, the beech forests are yours, that they belong to you in all their purity, honestly, as they belong to the holy of holies.

I am the comrade in perpetual rebellion against your captivity, whoever you may be; and if you have not revolted, because work has killed your power to revolt, or because you have fallen prey to your vices, I rebel for you, in spite of you, to spur you to action.

I want you to use me as if I were a familiar object, a fountain pen, a pencil accustomed to your hand, or your work-clothes folded close about you

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familiarly, like something made for you by nature, not by civilization, as a friend upon whom you can always count. And if you have never known such a thing, know me, and let us go together along my ways.

III

After nine o'clock there is no more regular movement, in either direction, in the Rue du Dragon, only smooth water balanced by the eddies of the Boulevard Saint-Germain and the Rue de Grenelle. Housewives make their purchases, but they are no longer in slippers. Now I see servants and housekeepers, marketing not for themselves, but for their mistresses. I know them because they buy quickly. While a scale of new potatoes is emptied into her shopping bag, a woman talks to a cyclist who has halted with one foot on the curb. The scene is just beneath my window. I see the woman's round forehead, her thick eyebrows, her strongly modeled plump mouth set deep between her cheeks. She knows vegetables; she does not even trouble to glance at those thrust into her bag.

At noon the first customers come to the little restaurant opposite the hotel. They seat themselves at the tables nearest the big glass door. Beyond, the restaurant stretches back into the shadows and the black depths which have been brightened by electricity since half-past-eleven. At half-past-twelve the arrivals are in rather more of a hurry; they stumble in at the door without waiting to be polite. Those who came at noon are near the end of their meal; the paper cloths are covered with crumbs, the plates are full of fruit peel.

They don't linger. Some of them bring out ready-made cigarettes, almost all from the same kinds of packages—yellow *Marylands* or blue *Celtiques*. One rolls a cigarette with gray tobacco and *Job* papers which I recognize from here by their black cover and red tape. They light their cigarettes, puff them once or twice, lift themselves from their chairs, brush the crumbs from their trousers, and go out. No one smokes a pipe. The day is a noontime day, heavy and greasy, shadowless and graceless. Some of them walk towards the Boulevard, others in the opposite direction, all very deliberately. They go ten yards, then hesitate. The minute particle of dream in their cigarettes troubles them, divides them from the city, liberates them for a moment, and their drunken feet stumble on the pavement. If any one of them could bring the wild black pipe, strong as a charge of dynamite, near his mouth—the pipe that now lies resting on my night table—he would drop into the gutter and sleep through a dream of galloping mares, clouds scudding before the wind, highways, sails, footsteps, and the divine wheel of the fields that turns about a walking man.

The tables have been cleared of crumbs and peel; the paper tablecloths have been changed. Others sit down in the still warm chairs. This one's gesture of helping himself to bread moves through the air where just now his predecessor's gesture moved. Nothing is at rest. Everything is used to the uttermost, even the places for gestures. Nothing is virgin, nothing comes to you perfectly fresh, everything has been worn, used, jumbled by millions of arms, hands,

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legs, thighs, buttocks, lungs, mouths. Such a total lack of purity, so totally unperceived!

At this time I, too, go to a little restaurant in the Rue de la Seine, a place frequented by carters and house-painters. I can see clear into the mystery; these men's faces are like the faces of the men I love, among whom I live. They know me for one of their own. We have never spoken, because I am timid, but we look at each other freely. Everything is written in your eyes, your past glory and your present misery. You make bitter fun of yourself. You detest me and love me at one and the same time. I speak to you, wordlessly, of the great liberation. In everything about me that is out of the common, you recognize what you have lost. You watch me at my ill-mannered eating; you see how I cut each mouthful of bread with my knife and how I prop my fist on the table, holding my fork in the air as I munch my bread and meat thoroughly, to get all the juice out of them, and how I drink big glasses of unwatered wine, throwing back my head. You ask yourself: 'Who is this?'

But that is so that you may behave even worse, so that you may do worse things to this creature who, within you, affirms that I am you. For it would take very little to bring about what you want without knowing it, for you to do precisely what I am doing—to clear out of your city. If everyone would only clear out of his city!

The mystery I can so nearly read from here hides in your eyes. Your glance does not go with your words, nor with your gestures, nor with the corporeal form that the city has given you. Your glance is less closely bound to your physical heart than are your arms, your legs, and your tongue; above all, it is the slave of that shadow of the heart you bear about so heavily within yourselves. And it reflects a strange order of things. Sometimes all its color is disturbed, as the sea's color is by the wind; and I see it, while you look vaguely at the afternoon street where the ebb of dark toilers begins to flow anew, where, while you discuss social questions with words as heavy as armor cast into the scales, or while you dream, solitary, shut in brutally upon yourselves—I see the color of your glance, which gives no more obedience to your blood, but to a shadow of your blood.

And you become like me. You are ready to sit down upon the hillsides. You know the names of the flowers. You have the same appetite that I have. You know the names, the colors, the tricks and the smells of the animals. You know the pathways of the wind, the march of the rain about the mountainside, the times of sprouting of seed, the balance of the scythe, the sound of the fountain, the good-fellowship, the hedges, the hidden farms, the haycarts, the watering pools, the joys of the world! But all that lasts no longer than a flash of lightning.

I enjoy talking to you. And one day I shall talk to you; but now I have not the voice I should have, and I wait. I feel that the voice will come to birth within me, and my patience is of a kind that stretches out endlessly through time, until the voice shall be ready. Because I must not be a new disillusionment for you, but a discovery. I must be genuinely useful; I must be able to lead you.

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Like a colt, who at first gambols for his own delight in the hayfield, and later on, a full-grown russet horse, draws the wagon and brings the farmhands to mow the meadow, I have no ambition save to be your horse, and slowly, in my shoulders, the great wings are preparing that shall bear you beyond the world when you have learned to trust me.

While we wait, let us eat our beans in tomato sauce and our mutton cutlets.

IV

When night comes, I go up towards Belleville. At the angle of the Rue de Belleville and the deserted, wan, and twisted street where La Bellevilloise stands, I know a little restaurant where I eat my evening meal. I go there on foot. I feel quite out of my element on the hard pavement, and the sudden jerks of the hips that are necessary in order to avoid the people who brush against me are disconcerting. I walk quickly; I overtake people going in my direction; but when I have passed them I am at a loss, nor can I tell why I have passed them, for I am in exactly the same crowd, the same discomfort, with the same people to overtake without ever coming to empty spaces. Then I go more slowly, I stay listlessly within the crowd.

But what flows between us is hardly sympathetic. I am in the presence of an anonymous creation of the unbalanced forces of men. The crowd is borne along, but there is no unanimity in it. It is a conglomeration of a thousand worries, pains, pleasures, fatigues, extremely personal desires. It is not an organized body; it is a heap, a mass. There can be no friendship between this collective crowd and me. There can only be friendship between parts of it and me, bits of the crowd, men and women. But then I have the privilege of meeting them alone; the crowd is here only to annoy me. If I were to meet a friend now, the first movement I should make would be to draw him aside to the crowd's edge, to the *terrasse* of a café, the angle of a doorway, so that I might taste the real joy of truly meeting him.

It is like a solitude. Then it must possess some charms? It is a solitude that does not belong to you; sterile, a solitude that separates instead of uniting the things of the spirit over great distances, a solitude that is not harmony and divine concert, but the choked silence of the soul.

Whatever has been said about the poetry, the picturesqueness of the crowd is nothing but buffoonery and nonsense. It is like the song of the quarryman, high on the mountain. Tonight he is drunk and he sings *La Tosca*, but last night he slept in the great meadow above the pass of La Blache; he imitated the notes of the quail, and they were deceived.

Let us consider.

All these people who hem me in, who carry me along, shove me and bruise me, this Paris crowd that flows, containing me, on the pavement in front of the Samaritaine, could they recapture the essential gestures of life if they found themselves in a naked world at dawn tomorrow?

Who would know how to set up a hearth in the open air, and to build a fire?

Who could recognize and pick out among the poisonous and nourishing plants the wild spinach, the wild carrot, the mountain turnip, the wild cabbage?

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Who could weave cloth?

Who would know where to find juices for leather-making?

Who could skin a kid?

Who could tan hides?

Who would know how to live?

Now at last the word points to the real thing!

They know how to take a bus or an underground train. They know how to stop taxis, cross streets, give a waiter an order. On every side of me they do these things with an ease that I find disconcerting, terrifying.

I am as frightened as if I were in the Zoo at Berlin, before the gorilla's cage, watching him sit on a chair facing a table, awaiting his food. 'Just like a gentleman,' as whoever was with me said.

But here is the Rue de Belleville, ascending; relieving me little by little of its mantle of fire. The fringe of multi-colored neon lights that dazzle my eyes subsides and falls back into the darkness. Along the streets the grocers' and greengrocers' shops are lighted only from within. The shopmen go in. There are the barrels of salt anchovies and the orderly radiation of their little metallic fish, the bunches of stockfish, the sacks of rice, sugar, beans, the boxes of spaghetti and macaroni. By the curb costermongers' barrows sleep, empty, among scattered fruit-peel, leek-tops, cabbage leaves, lettuce leaves. There is a smell of pickles and market gardens in the street, sometimes of spices—a sharp smell that knocks a man off his balance—and the smells of cloth, leather and tin. There is always a reddish glow that comes from the shops and, at long intervals, there are the gas-jets. Some of the shops are shut already, and you walk past them through a patch of shadow. There is nearly always someone in a neighborhood like this, sitting on the pavement, with a newspaper under his buttocks.

I stop occasionally, and turn my head to look back towards the end of the street where Paris is piled—brilliant houses and spots of twilight dotted with points of gold. Red and white flames spring up from below as if it were a valley where a caravan of nomads had halted for the night. And the noise—the noise of a river or of a mob. But the flames are false and cold as those of hell. Down there, in one of those dark places, are my Rue du Dragon, and my Hotel du Dragon. What deep reason had I for choosing that street, that hotel with the flaming devouring name, when I first arrived, that far-off night? It seems easy, from here, to imagine a monster with scales of flame. I can see its head and the smoke of its nostrils, its golden darting sky-pointing tongue, and the pustules; I hear the rumblings, and smell the stench of its bowels. But more darkly and more truly I see this city of physical and spiritual misery, this city of poverty and mediocrity, this city of error and of love of error.

V

At my restaurant I meet a few friends who belong to the Bellevilloise Coöperative, and I spend an evening with them when I can. They are the only Parisians I encounter.

I talk to my friends and to the others who sit near us on the wooden bench. The gramophone plays *On the Steppes of Central Asia.* The young printer who has wound up the machine takes a pace backward and

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stands listening with bent head. He watches the wax disc revolving. All of them here, whether they belong to the neighborhood, or to the sloping streets across the canal, or to the streets that rise still a little higher and open out at last on the horizon of a leprous plain covered with factories and lorry-roads—all of them are athirst for lyricism and mystic things. According to their understanding, in keeping with a romanticism attuned to them; according to a word concerning which they will know (perhaps without understanding it) that it corresponds with the mystery of themselves. They have no need to tell their distresses. They know them more completely than you will ever be able to know them.

I talk to them in my own way (which is not yet what I should like it to be, though that will come). And you must believe that in everything I tell them men have eagle's wings. There is no misery in what I tell them. We have too much shame to mention it. If we have suffered, if we still suffer, it has nothing to do with anyone, and we have given no one a power of attorney to talk about our sufferings. We are not the beggars of Toledo. We know that our sores are forces, but we are not thinking of parading them, still less that you should come as buffoons to make foolish speeches before them. We alone have the right to dispose of them, secretly.

I tell them how the sky is always green behind the poplars, that it is a peculiarity of the tree's foliage to transmit the reflection of its color to the distant horizon. I tell them how a man alone in the midst of a great grassy plain perceives suddenly that he is not alone, but, like Gulliver at Lilliput, is burdened with a horde of kings, queens, princesses, courtiers, and artificers, and that his hair, his ankles, and his wrists are attached to them by a hundred thousand unbreakable spider webs. They listen to me. They are with me. The printer plays a record of *A Night on Bald Mountain*. We listen. Occasionally we say another word. Our backs are propped against the bar of the little hall. We drink beer or lemonade. It is time to go to bed. We take our leave of one another. We say '*Au revoir!*' and we separate. I go down the street again; now it is quite deserted. Far below me I see a motor bus turn a corner. It slows down, grinds its brakes, stops, trembles, rings its bell, starts off. The street is deserted and silent.

VI

Giovanni di Paolo painted a picture showing Saint John the Baptist going into the desert. Beneath it he wrote: 'Saint John the Baptist going into the desert,' to make it perfectly plain that the picture represented action. I believe that while he was working (he painted in the gallery of a monastery at Padua) he was suddenly struck by a flash of fire that showed him the real meaning of such an action: to rid oneself at a single blow of everything that harasses and hurts one, and to set one's steps towards nakedness and the desert.

I said, by a flash of fire; now I say by an arch, an arch of flame, a rainbow, the bow of a bridge; for such an act must achieve its aim by a curved line; it must go over, must leap; it is a twice-supported act: supported by the place from which it leaps and by that

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to which it descends, like a bridge on two abutments.

In the lower left of the picture we see Saint John leaving the city. It is a city with crenellated walls, and the way out of it is by a subterranean portal. On the wall a little flower is drawn, a little flower of the field, with a broken stalk, faded petals, drooping leaves—almost dead. The Saint's steps are wide and firm; the left leg is vertical, the foot planted flat; the right leg slants, extended, pushing forward; it rests upon the toes that shake the city's dust from them.

If I linger to describe Saint John's walk, it is because it is no immobile depiction, but a real accomplishment, so that as one looks at the picture one feels that the Saint is truly walking (and when one has done looking at the picture, Saint John goes on walking; and through the dark night, when no one looks at the picture, while the earth carries its cargo of sleepers across the sky, Saint John continues on his way 'into the desert').

The man has the strong face and body of an athlete who has been deep in meditation, who, while he meditated, was overtaken by his fortieth birthday; within his sunken flesh are great round bones that weigh upon the joints like drops of granite of the time of the earth's solidifying, the end of the true golden age. Nevertheless, he sets off. We see at his feet the fields patched with tillage, fields of lucerne, of beans, a great plain that runs all the way across to the right of the painting and rises half its height. He goes that way, then. He is shown as he strides, tragically. The tragedy began when the man's rigid toes shook the city's dust from them, when his outstretched right leg shoved him high over his trajectory, this man with the athlete's face, the meditative face, cruel and thin as a trout's.

Across the fields Giovanni di Paolo has traced roads with the flat of his thickest brush. They are great roads bordered by trees, probably maple-trees. They furrow the painting from right to left; from the left they run to the very feet of the Saint as he passes out of the city, as far as the fields on the right-hand; towards the fields that (as one knows) continue to the very end, naked fields where the painter has not set a single man. Not even a very small one. Not a man, nor a woman, nor a child, nor a horse, nor a dog, nor a cat, nor a rat; nothing. Neither in the fields nor on the roads. Is this the desert? No, not yet; it is a false desert. The rich earth is viscid, rich with its lucerne, its beans, its grain, its lentils, its rice, its clicking maize; rich with yellows, with ochres and all the painter's green hues. Some of the sloping roads lead the Saint towards the upper part of the picture, make him 'gain,' as sailors say. But he aims even higher; he does not halt here, in all this richness. Saint John 'gains' slowly across the wealth of the plain—the Saint John we cannot see, the Saint not shown by the painter in the plain that is his tragedy (and ours), the tragedy of the interlacing multitude of roads, their uncertainty, the nakedness of their riches, this false desert across which the Saint cannot 'gain,' which engulfs him like a quicksand.

On these solitary roads that cross the fields on which Giovanni di Paolo has lavished all the wealth of his powdered earth-colors, all his paint-pans, his whites of egg and his lemons, there are no tracks at all, not a

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shadow, not a whirl of dust. Saint John goes so swiftly through it all that we do not see him. Already he is, as he will be called later, 'Saint John of the trout's mouth,' 'Saint John the devourer,' the destroyer of false riches. If you can believe in the little yellowish road that steals in and out, interwoven with the maple-lined avenues, that is Saint John's track, that way he goes, that is his road. It is a brutal road, taking no heed of shade nor of the sweet countryside, a road that darts straight toward outlandish rocks. It comes to the town at the edge of the plain, far off. Is it lost? No; it pierces the town as the javelin pierces the wild boar. It reappears. Now it is free of the interwoven roads; it climbs directly to the pale debris of rocks that strew the way. A shining wood of ash and beech bars its progress. But now it is a spirited road; it pierces the forest as the arrow pierces the dove. It attacks the great cleft that trenches the massed mountains.

Now we are at the top of the picture. Since we parted from Saint John, down at the left, when at the city's edge he shook its dust from his rigid toes (and he is still there, forever beginning his journey), we have covered two yards of paint, and now we are at the top, near the right edge, on our way to the extreme right. Saint John is seen again among the rocks on the mountainside. He is beyond the laws of perspective and distance; he is the very size of the Saint John who sets out from the city.

He who goes is not going far from you. It is only that he is happier, that his body is more harmonious and supple. He is not stiff with the effort of departure; indeed, the joy of attainment seems almost to have made him languid. He is like an ascending polyphony that bears itself as it rises, like a Ulysses unbetrayed. And he will not release his winds save for a propitious breeze. He is like a Ulysses who needs no ropes nor wax to resist the sirens, who has gone past them freely, easily.

And now he is at the top. He has heard only the beating of his heart, and has had to do nothing but submit himself to its rhythm, as if it were a dance danced to the noise of drums. Now he has come to the breach that divides the mountains and opens on to the country beyond. We lose sight of him. He stretches his open right hand towards what is about to appear—the desert of bitumen, ultramarine and gold.

He thinks of all this as he goes down the Rue de Belleville. In other streets, this way, that way, round and round, the last buses run.

VII

Now the city's panting abates a little. For a moment the rows of light undergo silent pulsations; then the noise begins again. It is a slight sound, like the song of grasshoppers in the fields. Below, rows of clear electric lights outline the Avenue des Champs-Élysées, the Avenue de la Grande-Armée, the crossing of the Boulevard Haussmann, a little of the Boulevard Sébastopol. I can see the macadam shining like the wax of a phonograph record, and the movements of taxis. Suddenly silence comes. Far down, I hear the hoofs of a horse, the rolling of a wagon with wheels edged with iron. I walk almost noiselessly. I listen, I go slowly, but I know that a mysterious command has taken possession of me,

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that I have taken a step that will carry me a long way, a step that my strength has built up for the beginning of a long march.

The street presses me in between black walls. The shops are shut. The blinds are drawn. I see provisions and manufactured things sleeping in shops and warehouses. The wine that sleeps in barrels, the rice in chests, the sugar in boxes, the pepper in little bags, the new furniture, the suits at the tailor's, the dresses, the hats at the milliner's, the blue overalls marked 'Lafont of Lyons,' and the warm blue silks smuggled in from Indo-China. I pass a shoemaker's, and smell dry leather and soaking leather. I see all this empty clothing, as yet unused to the movements of the people who will wear it, ready to go with them to their work, to their desires, to their battles. I see the people who will eat the food that awaits them; the city's provender, to be transformed into blood in the city's inhabitants, for use in their work, in their desires, in their battles. And the black trains that whistle tonight on the iron bridges, over toward Vincennes, to the north, to the east, soon to give up their goods, their fabrics, meats, fish, vegetables, spices, in the railway stations for tomorrow's meals and the meals of the next day and the next. For the meals of work, of desire, of battle. Everything rolls here according to the implacable laws of the machine. The incessant trains feed the homes. Life burns everlastingly in the bodies of the city's inhabitants, but no longer for the joy of the flame; it burns for the use of the flame. Everyone's life must be productive; but the lives do not belong to their owners, they belong to someone else, who in turn belongs to the city. It is an endless chain of slavery, where the things that are produced are destroyed without creating joy or liberty. And to what end?

But I am alone, talking to myself in the street. No one hears me; no one can overhear me, for the men and women who live in this city have become the very body of the city and no longer possess their animal bodies, their divine bodies. They have turned into the switches, rivets, steel plates, connecting-rods, wheels, bearings, flywheels, belts, brakes, axles, pistons, cylinders of this vain machine that rolls in a vacuum below Sirius, Aldebaran, Betelgeuse, and Cassiopeia. They are insignificant metal parts in the bodies of the great machines. They can never be fed with liberty, nevermore.

My friends, with whom I was a little while since, are they already at home and abed? A few of them, perhaps, went to sleep at once. They found their bedrooms again, and in the bedroom, the bed; in the bed the sagging place in the mattress. There, in a moment, they have abandoned their strength; they have become little children again. I see my friends' bedrooms, one near another, all the bedrooms of the street, all those of the city; in the dark alcoves, a bed, a sleeping man, sometimes a man and a woman, sometimes a child. Rooms where there are three, four, five, a whole family. Some rooms where a solitary sleeper lies. Workers' rooms, where the clothes reek of sweat, and the worker stretched on his iron bed with outflung arms, as though he were crucified, and so he sleeps. Sick-rooms, with the night-light burning on the marble of the dressing-table. Shopkeepers' rooms, rooms full of care;

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man and wife have turned their backs on one another; they cannot sleep; they pretend, and sigh now and then. Grievous rooms. Pure rooms, where little four-year-old girls sleep. Cradles. Black rooms. Hospitals, lighted with still flames made up of the flames of a veritable fire; the white alcoves of cells and the black stains of fevered heads on the pillows; great wards each with a hundred sufferers, a hundred wounded; the agony in the network of nerves of a thousand sick folk. The dormitories of colleges, high schools, schools, from the least to the greatest, with little boys, little girls, big boys, big girls, and men and women stuffed with science like dry straw, like a dormitory full of scarecrows to frighten sparrows, with all the desires of scarecrows set close to cherry trees, who want cherries, but have only mouths drawn with charcoal. Vicious rooms, where those who lean against the bars, in night clubs and restaurants, go off one by one when the phosphorescence of the lights pales; and they are nothing more than flakes of gray scum that appear when the sea's phosphorescence is put out by the dawn, and what has glittered dies in pale coldness.

I hear the inward turmoil of all these sleeping bodies. Now that sleep has made the whole city a necropolis, now that nothing stirs within men's fragile brains, which are aware only of men's laws, I hear the noise of hearts, of spleens, livers, the movements of lungs, the circulation of the blood, obeying the laws of the world. The laws of men cannot impart obedience to the bowels; they are bound with the rhythm that bears along the nebula of Andromeda, and reigns, above the city, over the slow round of Aldebaran, Sirius, Betelgeuse, and stars without number. Modern man's chain of slavery begins at the top of his cerebellum. Now that man sleeps, he is delivered; and in the most civilized man, the most politic, the man most weakened by academicism, most cloyed with civilization, the bowels of which he knows nothing roar aloud. If he could only see and understand himself as he is now, he would be aghast at his own strength. Tomorrow he will wake, a slave again of his 'world,' or of the worlds of other men, to which, from weakness, he submits.

Tomorrow I shall be far away.

I know now that the step I have taken by instinct will bear me farther than the Hotel du Dragon. I am the slave of nothing artificial, of nobody.

I am the man who can deliver himself most easily.

I shake the dust of the city from my rigid toes (and anyone who lies awake in a room in this street may say: 'Who walks at such a pace? Where is he going, who walks at such a pace?' And he may hear the sound of my footsteps dwindle). I regret nothing I leave behind me, for I leave nothing worth having. I keep everything worth having with the greatest of care. There is no contradiction between my going and the love I bear those I love. He who is going is not going away from you; his is only the action of going. He wants nothing save to be an example, perhaps a subject of meditation, perhaps a cause for hope, like the athlete with a trout's mouth whom Giovanni di Paolo sent into the desert.

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The domestic politics of Poland are a puzzling tangle to most people, but this article does much to unravel it.

Light *on* POLAND

By S. M. TEITELBAUM

Translated from the *Europe Nouvelle*, Paris Political and Literary Weekly

FOR many years Polish political life was dominated by the powerful personality of Marshal Pilsudski. His popularity in that country was tremendous, his influence upon his colleagues beyond dispute. But the influence which he exercised over those around him differed in substance from that exercised by other dictators: one should remember, as a matter of fact, that his great prestige was purely personal and not that of a party leader or of an innovator in political or social questions. It is not that Pilsudski had actually founded a political party, but rather that his admirers, who were many, grouped themselves in a compact nucleus around his person. Otherwise Pilsudski had no well defined political program, unless a formula as vague as the '*sanacja*,' the economic convalescence of the country, could be so considered.

After the *coup d'état* of May 12th, 1926, all the Ministerial 'working shifts' that succeeded each other to power were specifically designated by him. He did this until his death. It even became a custom in Poland to refer to the procedure as a mere 'change of the guard.' To each shift the Marshal assigned a definite, limited task; all of them were recruited from among his old comrades-at-arms. Thus for years all the important positions were in the hands of the former Polish 'legionaries.' The Colonels held the rudder of the country's administration; the Generals headed the army. The Marshal put them there; but it was his opinion that the army should be kept out of politics. For the rest, both the Colonels and the Generals were merely docile tools in the Marshal's hands. While the Marshal was alive there was no antagonism between them.

The political groups that lent their support to the Marshal were welded into a 'non-party bloc collaborating

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with the Government.' Not counting the 'Pilsudczyks,' or the old legionaries, this bloc was made up of factions from the Opposition: the Socialists who followed Pilsudski, once the leader of the P.P.S. (Polish Socialist Party); the Conservatives, for the most part landed proprietors of Galicia and East Poland who saw in Pilsudski their natural defender against the U.S.S.R. and Communism; and finally some dissenting elements from the National Democratic Party. As for the Jewish minority, it considered Pilsudski a rampart against the aggressive anti-Semitism of the Right and practised a sort of benevolent neutrality towards the régime that he had installed. This state of things continued until the Marshal's death.

II

After his death, the bloc of the parties that collaborated with the Government slowly disintegrated. In spite of a modification of the Constitution and the election of a new Diet, the opposition increased, both from the Right and from the Left. Mr. Slawek, the President of the Council, and an influential member of the Colonels' Party, decided to dissolve the non-party bloc. Nevertheless he could not stifle the conflict within the ranks of the Government or the outside opposition. The Marshal was no longer there to 'relieve the guard,' as he had been accustomed to do whenever the occasion demanded.

It was then that the President of the Republic, whose powers had been considerably enlarged by the new Constitution with a view to diminishing the shock of party conflict and making him the better able to deal with the serious economic problems of the hour, called on Mr. Koscialkowski to form a cabinet. His choice was supported by Mr. Rydz-Smigly, Inspector-General of the army, who was regarded as Pilsudski's political heir.

Make no mistake: this time it was no mere 'change of the guards.' This time the nation was faced with a Government which was trying to effect a sort of compromise between the diverse political groups and firmly resolved upon a new economic policy. In this new Cabinet the economists—the so-called 'realists'—were strongly represented. It counted among its members Mr. Eugene Kwiatkowski, former director of the State nitrogen factories, as Minister of Finance; Mr. Gorecki, the former president of the National Economic Bank, who was given the portfolio of commerce and industry; Mr. Koc, director of the Bank of Poland—all three of them eminent economists. Of all the members of the former Cabinet only Mr. Beck (Foreign Affairs) remained to represent the Colonels' Party, but his influence had apparently waned considerably since the death of the Marshal, whose confidant he had been.

Indeed it was possible to notice signs of a decline in the Colonels' Party as a whole. At the time of the Lwow disorders last spring the *Gazeta Polska*, the Colonels' news organ, indulged in a lively criticism of the Koscialkowski Cabinet. That edition was confiscated. Colonel Matuszewski, co-editor of the paper, and one of the most eminent members of the Colonels' Party, was relieved of his duties as president of the Savings Bank. This measure created a sensation in Poland, the more so as another eminent member, Colonel Switalski, the

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Governor of Cracow, was also disgraced.

If there is a country in the world where economics dominate politics, it is Poland—and with good cause. Therefore if one wishes to get a true picture of the political situation in Poland, it is necessary first of all to form an exact idea of the economic situation of the country.

The misery of the Polish people—particularly that of the peasants, who comprise 70 per cent of the population—defies the imagination: even the Government recognizes this fact. As proof of this assertion I submit the fact that a book like Jalu Kurek's *Gripa Szaleje v Naprawe* (*Grippe Rages in Naprawa*), a work which was tremendously popular in Poland, was officially commended by the city of Warsaw. Of course we must not forget that the author, a talented young novelist, sets his plot in a Galician village near Cracow, that is to say in a comparatively privileged region. Here is one of the descriptions to be found in his book:—

'A number of peasants continue to ignore the fact that Emperor Franz Joseph is dead and that they are no longer Austrian subjects. It seems, on the contrary, that they all believe in a coming national Revolution. A good quarter of the inhabitants of this village have never traveled by train. A good half do not know the taste of coffee or tea. Three quarters of them have never gone more than ten kilometers from their native hamlet. They do not know the use of sugar. Once a year some of them indulge in the purchase of a package of saccharin. A horse could not survive such an existence, but man does. At night Naprawa becomes invisible. The minute the sun sets, everybody goes indoors. Nobody lights a fire: there is no fuel, nor any money to buy it.' The salt water in which potatoes have been boiled is kept for future use. They split every match in two.

In the cities the situation is comparatively better, but poverty is even more conspicuous there, and one is impressed by the large number of unemployed.

III

The natural consequence of this poverty is a growing opposition to the Government. The students, who see no future ahead of them, incline toward the O.N.R. (National Radical Organization), an extreme Rightist party for which the only solution lies in aggressive anti-Semitism. As for the workers and the peasants, they swell the ranks of the Communists, Socialists and Populists.

Since the dissolution of the 'non-party bloc collaborating with the Government,' the picture presented by the parties which support the Government has become very much confused. Personal influence plays a great rôle in Polish politics, and it is often around a personality rather than a definite program that groups are formed. Nevertheless, passing from Right to Left, one may distinguish four currents of thought in the Government bloc: (1) aggressive conservatives grouped around two newspapers, *Czas* (*The Hour*) and *Slowo* (*The Word*); (2) the party of the Colonels; (3) the Naprawiacze (the Repairers); (4) the Z.Z.Z. (the union of professional syndicates).

The Government Conservatives come mostly from the agrarians of East Poland and Galicia. This group,

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which has the *Czas* and the *Slowo* at its disposal, is composed almost exclusively of great landed proprietors. It is the one political party in Poland that is sympathetic to Germany. It must be emphasized that its attitude is dictated less by love of Germany than by the fear inspired by the proximity of the U.S.S.R., and by hostility to Communism.

The political tendencies of the Colonels' Party are well known. The Colonels, who consider themselves the direct political heirs of the late Marshal, believe in a 'policy of force' in domestic affairs. Economically they are fervent advocates of deflation,—integral deflation, as Matuszewski puts it.

It would be unjust to suspect the group as a whole of pro-German sympathies. Colonel Beck meets his firmest opponents in the very ranks of his political followers. While the influence of the Colonels once seemed to be on the decline, it took a new lease of life after the Slawoj-Skladkowski Cabinet came into power.

The Naprawiacze group pursues a policy which is harder to analyze than that of the two preceding ones. At all events one can safely say that it aspires to a more liberal régime and seems to favor a policy of compromise as far as the national minorities are concerned. The last Koscialkowski Cabinet was generally considered to represent that group. The President of the Council in the preceding Cabinet has been able, among other things, to bring about an accord with the Ukrainian Undo party.

In the field of political economy the Naprawiacze appear to be determined opponents of deflation. As a matter of fact, the preceding Cabinet had refused to carry out a deflationary policy. Without being avowed advocates of devaluation, the leaders of this group are willing enough to try an experiment in the '*Nakrecanie Konjunktury*'—a slogan which used to enjoy great popularity in their circles and which may be translated as 'artificial stimulation of the economic situation.' The currency control decreed at the beginning of May is only one aspect of this economic program, of which Mr. Eugene Kwiatkowski, Minister of Finance in the preceding Cabinet, is indubitably the best qualified exponent.

The Z.Z.Z. (the Zrzeszenie Zwiaszkow Zawodowych) represents a union of several professional syndicates. This organization is directed by the dissenting members of the Socialist Party. Their chief is Mr. Moraczewski, the first President of the Council of liberated Poland. With a labor group—which is by itself an unimportant organization—the Z.Z.Z. represents the extreme Left of Pilsudskiism.

The Z.Z.Z. claims an important number of workers, mostly recruits from the ranks of Government employees. While it takes the place of an opposition to the present régime (His Majesty's Opposition, as it were), it enjoys some support from the Government, which sees in it a natural bulwark against Socialist influences at home.

IV

Opposition in Poland exists both to the Right and to the Left of the Government bloc. The opposition from the Right is composed of the National Democratic Party, the National Radi-

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cal Organization and the Christian Democratic Party.

The National Democratic Party is an old party, and played an important rôle in pre-War years. Nationalist, clerical and anti-Semitic in character, it recruits its followers from the middle classes (merchants, artists, professionals and landed proprietors, particularly in the western provinces). Its criticism of the Government is directed principally against its foreign policy and the tolerance which it extends in some measure to the national minorities. This party finds sympathizers in all the spheres of the administrative and political life of the country and has an influential press at its disposal.

The National Radical Organization, the O.N.R., recruits its followers mainly from among young people with anti-Semitic tendencies. The growth of anti-Semitism in Poland, the boycotting of Jewish concerns, the use of bombs to prevent people from entering proscribed shops—all this is the doing of that party. Because of its subversive agitating activities this organization has been dissolved by the Government, and its paper, *Sztafeta*, put out of circulation. The friendly relations between the National Democratic and the National Radical Parties—whose programs resemble each other, but whose tactics differ—once seemed on the point of breaking up; recently there have been signs of a reconciliation.

The Christian Democratic Party—which is strongest in Galicia and Upper Silesia, and which used to be a Catholic party *par excellence*, closely resembling the former Catholic Center Party of Germany—has in the course of the last few years lost its erstwhile influence. Nevertheless this party, whose leader is Mr. Korfanty, still retains the support of certain of the workers' syndicates.

The Opposition from the Left is represented by the Communist, Socialist and Popular Parties. The Communist Party has no legal existence in the country. For that reason it is difficult to estimate its strength. The Polish Socialist Party (P.P.S.), to which Marshal Pilsudski once belonged, and which was deserted by a large number of its leaders, who took many members with them, has lost a good share of its effectives to the Government parties. Nevertheless the Socialist Party still has a very real influence in the country, and since the Marshal's death this influence has grown. Furthermore growing poverty favors its future development.

The new Popular Party, recently created, is the result of a fusion of several parties whose programs are based upon defence of the peasant's interests; these are the Piast, the Wyzwolenie (Liberation) and the old Popular Party. At its last congress, which was held in Warsaw in December, 1935, the new Popular Party came out in favor of expropriating land from the great landed proprietors without indemnifying them, and dividing it among the peasants. This year for the first time the Populists joined the Socialists in the demonstrations of May 1.

At the time of the last parliamentary elections all the parties of the Opposition, both Right and Left, resolved to abstain from voting. Out of a total of 16.3 million registered voters, 8.7 millions refused to deposit their ballots in the urns, in spite of the fact that in the small towns and the

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rural communities strong pressure was exerted in favor of voting. The abstentions thus amounted to 53.4 per cent. In the great centers it reached even greater proportions; 62 per cent in Poznań, 63 per cent in Podz and 69.9 per cent in Warsaw.

V

Since the beginning of this year the Left has increased its powers and activities. The riots at Lwow and Cracow seem to show that the present situation cannot be indefinitely prolonged. The imposing demonstrations which took place throughout the country on the first of May and the victory of the Popular Front in France have evoked profound echoes in Poland. A Polish Popular Front was on the point of being formed. It would include the extreme Left of the Government bloc—that is to say the Z.Z.Z., the Polish Socialists, and the Socialist factions of the national minorities (Ukrainian and Jewish). The relations between this Popular Front and the Communists (an illegal party in Poland) were to be based on the principle of mutual non-aggression.

Toward the middle of last May dark rumors began to circulate through Warsaw. On every hand there was talk of a new Cabinet, from which the Colonels were to be excluded and which would be dominated by the Left wing of the Government group. At least they were quite sure that the Socialists' attitude to the new Cabinet would be friendly. And there was another rumor which gained credence also. It was whispered that Colonel Beck was going to be replaced by the present ambassador to London, Mr. Raczynski.

Everybody knows what really happened. The new Slawoj-Skladkowski Cabinet is first and foremost a government of force. Its composition is more like that of the Colonels' 'shifts' than that of the Cabinet it succeeded. The fact that Mr. Grabovski, who had been attorney-general since the celebrated Brest-Litowsk trial, was put into this Cabinet was taken by the Socialists and Populists as a deliberate insult. At a meeting of the delegation of the fifth regiment legionaries, the present President of the Council declared that in accepting the summons to form the Government he was merely 'out scouting' on the order of General Rydz-Smigly, the Inspector-General of the army. At a meeting of generals and officers, that General, who had until then voluntarily kept aloof, declared in his turn that the army should abstain from politics, but that if tomorrow it became necessary for it to enter politics, he would undertake that task. Thus it seems correct to assume that his influence in the new Cabinet will probably be a preponderant one.

After the formation of the new Cabinet the parleys which had been held between representatives of the Z.Z.Z. and the Socialists—and which had not been very successful in the first place—were terminated. On the other hand negotiations between the Socialists and the Populists have been continued, although as yet without any positive results.

Where is Poland going? For the present she is faced with a Government which is firmly resolved to preserve the *status quo* and to repress all disorder, no matter what its source. At the head of this Government is Mr. Slawoj-Skladkowski, a man who

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has on several occasions in his career been Minister of the Interior, and who, in spite of his doctor's diploma, has always considered himself a soldier. With a soldier's forthrightness he declares that he merely executes the orders of his military chief, Mr. Rydz-Smigly, Inspector-General of the army. Thus with Mr. Slawoj-Skladkowski as intermediary, it is really the army that now rules Poland's destiny. The experiences of past years have amply demonstrated that the army can remain in power a long time.

But if economic conditions are not improved the situation can become very difficult to handle, even for a Government composed of resolute men. A boiler full of steam with its valves closed—that is the picture present-day Poland presents.

Mr. Eliot's Sunday Evening Service

A Parody

By Frederick Laws

From the *New Statesman and Nation*, London Independent Weekly of the Left

When I had finished with the toast and tea
And there was no more need to mock the moon
To fashion epigrams fit for a salon furnished
In the modern manner.
When there was no more need for sailor symbols
Nor for cosmopolitan fragments dusty with rarity value
(*On ne lit plus Patru et D'Ablancourt*).
I paid my fare and announced my destination.
Pass Right Down the Car, Please
Appraising
Dante and housemaids at their proper value
I left Priapus there with Mrs. Porter
And with a nod to Buddha joined the bishops.
Pass Right Down the Car
In the traditional upper chamber
Nobody standing and spitting strictly forbidden
I glory in spiritual peace and a little theology
For the rats are coming.
Since there is no more need
In la sua voluntade è nostra pace.
Right down the car.

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A Conservative newspaper correspondent and a Left-wing Labor M. P. engage in a not entirely good-tempered debate on the question why the British Labor Party is not making more headway.

What's Wrong *with* 'Labour'?

I. What is Wrong with the Labor Party?

By A Parliamentary Correspondent

From the *Spectator*, London Conservative Weekly

THE strangest phenomenon in politics today is the failure of the Labor Party to make any progress in the country or the House of Commons such as would indicate that they are likely to return to power within a measurable distance of time. Chance after chance has come to them in this Parliament of taking advantage of the disasters that have befallen the Government. Now there is the grand opportunity of the admitted collapse of the sanctions policy. In pre-War days the Government would have been harried day and night in the House of Commons, and the news of forthcoming by-elections would have struck terror into their hearts, for they would have meant either smashing defeats or even, where their party vote was fairly solid, an alarming downward swing in their majorities.

But in fact today the Opposition causes no uneasiness to the Treasury Bench. Their attack, for all its vehemence, has no sting. In the country they are making extraordinarily little progress. There have been two by-elections since the triumph of Italy—in the Lewes division of Sussex and at Peckham. In the Lewes by-election the Opposition so failed to stimulate resentment against the Government that there was only a 40 per cent poll, and the Labor total actually fell by 3,000 on the General Election figures. In Peckham, with everything in their favor, Labor only succeeded in winning by 100 votes a seat where they were faced with nothing more formid-

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able than a Government majority at the General Election of 700.

If the progress of the Labor Party is no faster than that, none of the present leaders can hope to live to see the promised land of office and power. Yet a few years ago it seemed that they were destined to dominate Great Britain for a generation. They were increasing their numbers at an astonishing rate. In 1918 they had sixty Members; in 1922 their numbers had risen to 140; in 1923 they mustered 260 and with the help of the Liberals they were able to form a Government. Political ineptitude resulted in the destruction of that Government and reduced their numbers in the Parliament that followed to 150. But it was only regarded as a temporary setback, and even their opponents were convinced that in a few years the tide would flow with them once again and they would be swept back by a decisive majority to place and power.

But somehow it has never happened. There were substantial gains in 1929, but they were insufficient, and it was as a minority Government that there burst upon them the tornado of the financial crisis. They were scattered headlong and now, more than five years since the disaster, they are still in disorder.

What is the reason? I believe that one of the primary causes is the baleful influence upon their fortunes of the Trades Unions. When the coalition was made between the Socialist Party, then a struggling group of propagandist intellectuals, and organized Trades Unionism, it seemed as if Socialism at a stroke had been placed upon the map of practical politics.

Here were 6 million certain votes for the Socialist candidates. It was confidently believed that upon this foundation could be built a party that in a decade would dominate British politics and refashion, to its own prescription, the whole face of society. It was a fatal miscalculation. In an instant the Socialist Party became a class party. It was no longer the vehicle of the Socialist movement but the political representative of the strong and well-defined interests of organized labor. The middle classes have been repelled. The radically-minded men and women who, with the decline in the influence and power of the Liberal Party that followed the secession of working-class support, might have given the new party its brains and driving force, have found no comfort of soul in its ranks.

The safe seats are closed to them. Any constituency where there is an organized industrial vote capable of making victory certain is claimed by the Trades Unions for one of their own nominees. It happened at the recent by-election in South Wales. A mild effort was made to secure the seat for Mr. Noel Baker, the Parliamentary Private Secretary of Mr. Arthur Henderson when he was Foreign Secretary, and a man who would undoubtedly strengthen the Front Opposition Bench. But it was doomed from the start. The seat was regarded as a pocket borough by the Miners' Federation, and to a miner it therefore had to go. Mr. Noel Baker has perforce to be content with Derby, where he is faced with a 12,000 majority in a constituency that even when Mr. Thomas sat for it as a Labor Member was held by his own personality and electioneering gifts rather than by the program of Socialism. Even if Mr. Noel Baker should win on the League issue

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and a temporary unpopularity of the Government, it will profit him little.[1] The anti-Socialist forces will gird up their loins and inflict a smashing defeat at the next Election. Mr. Noel Baker will be in the wilderness once again.

That is what happened, after all, to that other able politician, Dr. Addison. He won a remarkable victory at the Swindon by-election in 1934 only to be defeated a year later at the General Election. A similar fate has befallen at Fulham young Mr. Wilmot, one of the few rising hopes of the Labor Party. No winnable seat has been found for Mr. H. L. Nathan, a powerful recruit from the Liberal ranks, and poor Mr. Wedgwood Benn, an invaluable sniper for a party in Opposition, has been out of Parliament now since 1931.

In the path of all these gentlemen stands the Gibraltar of Trades Unionism. To the Trades Unionists the Labor Party is forced to give the first refusal of all their safe seats. The party that loudly proclaims itself to be the fighting expression of ardent youth is largely made up of aging Trades Union Secretaries. As such it has little appeal outside the Trades Unions and fails entirely to suggest itself as a potential alternative Government. I could name on the fingers of one hand the men who count on the Labor Benches. The rest of them can make one competent speech on the conditions in their own industry, but are out of their depth the moment that our debates are concerned with the great issues of industrial and foreign policy.

Another factor in the Labor Party failure is the uncolored personalities of the Labor Leaders. Since the defection of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, who in his prime exercised a certain magnetism in his platform appeal, the Labor movement has produced no great national figure. It is only necessary to glance down the front Opposition bench in the House of Commons to prove that. There is Major Attlee, their leader, painstaking and competent, but in the great debates exhibiting vehemence rather than strength, and narrowness in outlook. Never has he delivered himself of a sentiment that has struck the imagination of the nation or a phrase that they have ever remembered. On the other side of him are Mr. Arthur Greenwood and Mr. Alexander, both good knockabout platform speakers but nothing more. Mr. Morrison at one time seemed to have qualities of imaginative leadership, but he has since become immersed in the details of London County Council administration and gives little time to the House of Commons.

Beyond these men there is none of any consequence except perhaps Mr. Dalton, the product of Eton and the lecturer's chair, who spoils every case by over-statement, and Mr. Shinwell, who looks like a Russian commissar but has no authority in the Party. It is not an impressive list. Not one of them by himself could fill the Albert Hall if he was advertised to speak there—still less impose his personality on the country in a crisis.

But the fatal obstacle to their ultimate leadership of the nation is the fact that on none of the great questions of the day have they made up their minds in which direction they desire to lead. Every armament debate finds them in the utmost mental con-

[1] *Mr. Noel Baker did win, but his vote was more than 11,000 below that which the Labor Party candidate in Derby pulled in 1929.* EDITOR.

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fusion. They preach collective security and yet fought with the greatest violence at the General Election and since every measure designed to help Great Britain to play an effective part in that security. Their inconsistency is almost incredible. There is Miss Wilkinson badgering the Government day after day to place armament contracts in the North-Eastern Area where her constituency is situated, conveniently ignoring the fact that if her vote in the Opposition lobby had secured the defeat of the Government on the defence issue there would have been no armament contracts to distribute. There is Mr. Morgan Jones, a convinced and courageous pacifist when it was a question of fighting for Belgium, now a trenchant and contemptuous opponent of the Government's decision not to go to war for Abyssinia.

The whole Foreign Policy of the Labor Party is vitiated by their odd but obstinate conviction that peace and justice are interchangeable terms. But they are, in fact, tragically contradictory. In Abyssinia it would have been possible to obtain justice by a resort to war or a threat of war. Peace between Italy and ourselves has only been maintained at the expense of justice to Abyssinia. The Labor Party, so soon as they come to deal with foreign policy, are out to serve two masters: the pacifist vote and the League vote, the electors who demand peace at any price and the electors who demand the maintenance of the League Covenant at any price. So they parade themselves in some by-election speeches as the champion of Abyssinia and in other speeches as the opponents of a Government 'who would send your sons to be slaughtered.'

It is the same with their economic policy. On Socialism they do not know whether they favor an evolutionary or a revolutionary policy. Sometimes they preach the full-blooded doctrine of nationalization of all the means of production, distribution and exchange, and on other occasions it is watered down to a mild edition of pre-War liberalism. The electors are at a loss to know whether the Socialists desire to kill the capitalist cow or to milk it. Their utterances appear to indicate that they want to do both.

The dominant reason for the continued failure of His Majesty's Opposition to turn themselves into His Majesty's Government is the fact that the majority of the electors see through these glaring inconsistencies and will have none of them.

II. Labor Replies

By Sir Stafford Cripps

From the *Spectator*, London Conservative Weekly

THE self-satisfied class-superiority complex from which the Parliamentary Correspondent of the *Spectator* is suffering, in common with a good many of his Conservative colleagues, runs through his article in last week's issue. He is presumably a member of that heterogeneous collection of incompetents who rejoice in the name of the National Party and he asserts that the Opposition causes no uneasiness to the Treasury Bench. This failure of

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observation no doubt arises from the fact that he is not in a position to see the hangdog expressions of the Treasury Bench when their latest piece of dishonesty or chicanery is being exposed. His whole article is redolent of the attitude of the little man who is bombastically shouting to keep up his courage, because he realizes subconsciously that defeat is certain.

The Labor Movement is something much more than a political party and it does not rely upon the middle class intelligentsia for its personnel or its leadership. It has for years been working upon the task of building up a new approach to the solution of the difficulties into which capitalism and imperialism have plunged the world. That solution demands not a patching up of the tottering structure in the interest of the property-owning class, but a complete change in outlook and in legislative action.

During the formative period there are bound to be temporary set-backs as the unintelligent and apathetic position of the electorate sways backward and forward from Right to Left, quite oblivious of the direction in which they desire to go. But all the time there is steady growth of education amongst the workers, both by hand and by brain, and a growth of purpose to rid themselves of the domination of a small class of wealthy and privileged individuals. Deceit and dishonesty such as was displayed by the National Party at the last general election over the foreign policy situation can unfortunately be effective for a time, but only for a time. Such dishonesties will sooner or later bring their retribution either from the electorate or from the determined and dangerous mass action of the workers.

Your Parliamentary Correspondent ends his article by a statement that the majority of the electors see through the dishonesties of the Labor Party and will have none of them. This is not the lesson of the Derby by-election. If the Labor Party are today suffering from a lack of direction and so are not giving a clear lead to the country, it is because in a situation of great difficulty they are frank and honest with the people. Unlike the Government they are not prepared to seek to gain or maintain power by wholesale deception.

There are undoubtedly, as there should be, different views within the Labor Party as to the precise mode of procedure best calculated to attain the common goal. In time of stress these differences on particular points tend to become exaggerated, and are of course used by our capitalist opponents in an attempt to preserve their own position.

It is not the workers who are to blame for this. The great majority of those who are politically conscious have a determined desire to throw off capitalist and imperialist exploitation by the best means available. The middle class, who are for the most part workers too, lack the courage to make up their minds whether they will hang on to capitalism for the small advantages they get out of it or join the workers in its overthrow. Their frightened indetermination is today creating the conditions for the destruction of democracy and its replacement by some form of Fascism.

The struggle between the owning class and the working class is imposed upon society by the economic structure of capitalism and will persist until our economic system is changed. This

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same struggle has inevitably become the basis of the political divisions in the country, but the so-called middle class refuse to recognize the fact and so confuse the workers by their attitude towards reforms within capitalism and imperialism; clinging to humanitarian liberalism, they try to persuade themselves and others that peace and prosperity can be won while still maintaining the private ownership of the productive means and the imperialist basis of foreign policy.

The continuing drive to war and the never-ending breach of promises by capitalist governments has no effect upon their views because they are unwilling to face the necessity of change through fear that their own individual position may become less favorable.

The working out of a program of change suitable to our own country is a necessary incident in the long-drawn-out struggle to defeat capitalism. We cannot adopt the ready-made program of other countries; our economic revolution will come about in the way determined by the particular circumstances and history of our own country.

At periods, which will appear extraordinarily short in the retrospect, there must be the appearance of hesitation and doubt while the workers are determining their next step. These will have no ultimate effect upon the growth of working class power, which is absolutely certain to overtake capitalism in the long run.

The purely negative policy of the National Government, to preserve capitalism and imperialism at all costs, not excluding another great war, is simple enough to preach. Their propaganda has during the last few years become almost entirely fear propaganda. It is sufficient that fear of Socialism is now the main plank of their platform; it demonstrates that they realize that they are fighting a losing battle, as of course they are.

For a constructive party with a policy of fundamental change the task is not nearly so easy. The electors do undoubtedly react to the dishonesties which are mentioned to frighten them, and only by education can the fear be overcome.

Those who know the Labor Movement can afford to sit back and laugh at the poor little man with his bombastic shouting. Let him try to keep up his courage; he will need it all when he sees the irresistible wave of working class power that he helped to create overwhelming himself and those whom he has sought so assiduously to serve.

The Musical King of England

The King's own musical tastes are eclectic. He likes the very new as expressed in jazz. He is also a lover of the bagpipes, which retain the qualities of the most austere and primitive art. In music of the intervening periods he evinces less interest.

—From the *Daily Telegraph*, London

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Persons and Personages

'M'

By Dr. F. A. Kramer

Translated from the *Berliner Tageblatt*, Berlin Coördinated Daily

By the grace of God and the will of the nation, the King of Italy has become the wearer of an emperor's crown. Marshal Badoglio has received the title and rank of a duke, and General Graziani has become Marshal and Viceroy. The War Ministry's list of promotions and decorations shows swollen columns of names. All those who helped in the victory will share the honor and glory in the order of their merit; and others are making an all the more determined effort to have a little splendor fall upon them. Touched by the breath of the muses, D'Annunzio and Marinetti strum their lyres. But what has become of the prime mover of this war, of its driving force?

Mussolini has become 'M.' He has not added anything to his name—he has substracted something from it. The billboards on the walls of Rome which carry his last proclamations now bear merely this one forceful, unmistakable letter. It is a passing sign, but one which throws an unusually illuminating light upon an important historical change. After the Order of the Annunciata, which as long as a decade ago made him a 'cousin of the King,' and again after the Great Cross of the House of Savoy, token of his military deeds, there was no further decoration that would make a suitable reward for him. The claim to be a unique historical figure, the decisive factor of a national epoch, can find further expression only in a name.

Who is not reminded by this 'M' of the significance of that other letter which is to be seen on the later wings of the Louvre? An 'N' within a laurel wreath—the sign of an epoch of French history which was likewise called an Empire! When was it, after what events, that Napoleon reduced his signature to this initial?

It is a mighty claim, an almost Promethean egotism which finds expression thus! But in the stormy years of his period of struggle Mussolini often openly professed this driving force: 'Yes, I am obsessed by this mad ambition. It flames up in me; it corrodes and consumes me like a physical disease. Deliberately to carve my mark on the age, like the lion with his paws . . .' A decade of unlimited power does not seem to have quenched this ambition, though it seems to have given it increasing

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direction, content and aim. It must have taught him the meaning of what Aristotle called 'the bitter burden of ruling.'

Many a change may be observed in his person. Last winter Mussolini's hair turned white, and his language became more benevolent. He strongly emphasizes the distinction between the private and the public sphere, despite the fact that the excessive zeal of those around him makes it particularly difficult to realize this distinction today. We observed a significant episode two weeks ago, when, after the founding of the city of Aprilia, he and his retinue partook of a brief meal. Mussolini had tucked his napkin into the lapel of his coat and was eating his spaghetti heartily, when in the course of the conversation one of the foreign guests felt it necessary to inquire after the health of his sons in Africa. '*Stanno bene, volano*—They're well, they're flying . . .' he growled in a tone which cut the subject short.

After all, it is not entirely unknown that with Mussolini, as with every true Italian, the family represents an out-and-out weak point. It can be asserted with certainty that the two sons' silver medals '*al valore militare*' made the father prouder than many army victories. In the way in which he dismissed the guest's inquiry he demonstrated how strongly he still wishes to maintain a distinction between his private and his public life.

Of greater political significance is the limitation he has imposed upon himself as regards the Dynasty. Like Bismarck, he has stopped at the foot of the Throne in order to direct splendor and titles upon it. The proclamation of the Empire concludes a development which is of the utmost significance for Italy's future. The Fascist Revolution has now definitely taken possession of the green, white and red tricolor, with its Savoy Cross, in order to carry it on. In undisputed possession of the government authority after having carried through the planned shifts in power, it has selected what it wishes to continue as the heritage of the past. It has eradicated the conflict between the patriotism which originated in the *Risorgimento* and carried the name of the King on its lips and that other patriotism which stormed forward in the black shirt. The transformation of the Revolution into the State has entered its last stage. The gap between the two periods is closing.

MUSSOLINI has placed himself beside Cavour and Garibaldi. He could do so because, during the unrest of the post-War period, the House of Savoy, whose name had taken on a revolutionary ring in the 19th century struggle for unity, chose anew the cause of the Revolution, with which it kept faith despite the heavy burdens of the past winter. Surprisingly, this old, patriarchal dynasty has known how to keep in step with the movement of the people. In this way Fascism has succeeded in

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carrying through the transformation of the State without having to destroy the royal escutcheon. Apparently the situation is now regarded as so well balanced that its codification in a constitution no longer seems far distant.

The *Duce del Fascismo* and *Capo del Governo* will remain the center of the constitutional structure, retaining his responsibility to the *Re-Imperatore*. With this designation, the fundamental importance of which has not been understood everywhere, Mussolini has reached back into the history of the Later Roman Empire. With it he lays claim to the power of government by resorting to personal qualities which designate him above all others to lead State affairs. Claudian, the poet of the declining Empire, describes this capacity with the verses: 'In his wisdom, carefully weighing, he foresees what others grasp but later, and lays down what will be useful to the world.' And a contemporary of Claudian explains the non-traditional, non-legitimate, non-official, entirely personal concept of the *Führer* as the only apt designation: '*Dux! Titulus aptissimus! Non enim Augustus, non Cæsar, non Imperator, non Rex, non Princeps Imperii Romani, sed Dux—Duce!* Most fitting title! Not Augustus, not Cæsar, not Emperor, not King nor Prince of the Roman Empire but its *Duce*, its leader. . !' No change may be expected in this title, which has been revived and made a concept of contemporary history. It belongs to the cardinal concepts of the Fascist State and if it should ever be touched at all it would only be a question of extending it from *Duce del Fascismo* to *Duce d'Italia*.

The Italian people's confidence in his leadership is unlimited today. It lives in the confident hope of being able at some future date to look back on history and to say that Mussolini fulfilled the words spoken by Proudhon in the sixties: 'All that is needed is that a man shall be born of this earth, a Richelieu, a Colbert, a Condé—and in less than a generation Italy will take its place among the empires and exercise a mighty influence throughout Europe.'

In this expectation Italy is only too willing to wind the laurel wreath around the 'M' . . .

Sir Hubert Murray

By A Correspondent

From the *Manchester Guardian*, Manchester Liberal Daily

SIR HUBERT MURRAY, who is now on one of his brief visits to England from Papua, is one of the most remarkable administrators of the British Commonwealth. A man of many-sided interests, he was a

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considerable Greek scholar, like his younger brother, Professor Gilbert Murray; he held the amateur boxing championship (heavyweight) for three years; he was a learned lawyer; a colonel of the Australian regiment of Irish Rifles in the war against the Boers, with whom, incidentally, he strongly sympathized; and has now for more than twenty years been Lieutenant Governor of Papua, or Australian New Guinea.

Born in Sydney in December, 1861, he became a demy of Magdalen, Oxford, obtained firsts in Mods and Greats, and went back to practise at the Bar in Sydney. Shy, silent, and not very ingratiating in manner, he had not much success at the Bar. A friend said of him that he knew more law than anyone at the New South Wales Bar, but he would never get on, since nothing would induce him to be civil to solicitors.

After some years he took a Crown Prosecutorship, and afterwards accepted what was considered at the time the uninviting position of Lieutenant Governor over the poor and backward tropical territory of Papua. It was a place offering no promotion, for there is no bridge from the Australian service to the Imperial, and it seemed to afford little scope either for the Governor's culture and wit or his law or his classical scholarship. Here, however, he found his real place in the world, and gradually made the administration of Papua a model to those interested in similar problems in all parts of the world. He owed much to the example of one of his predecessors, Sir William Macgregor; but he carried his methods farther, and inspired all his staff not only with loyalty to himself but also with his own power of understanding the very simple natives whom he governed and his immense patience in acquiring that understanding.

RAIDS by one Papuan village on another were common incidents, and indeed formed the normal adventure of spirited young men anxious to show what they were worth. What was to be done when a raid from outside the pale fell on a village under our Government? The simplest and most old-fashioned method, of course, was a small punitive expedition in which the offending village was burnt and a fair number of people shot.

Murray, on the first occasion that occurred, walked out with his followers to the village attacked and found by inquiry what village and what individuals were responsible for the raid. He then walked on into the wild country till he approached the offending village, and was shot at from the bush with arrows, probably poisoned. He halted, put out a number of suitable presents, and sat on the ground smoking. The shooting stopped, and presently the boldest of the villagers made a timid grab at the presents and ran back again. After that negotiations were easy, and he was told that the two men wanted had gone far away into another

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village. He walked on to that village; they had gone farther still. At last he tired them or their entertainers out, and the two murderers were surrendered to him.

He did not hang them. He explained that the Government did not allow raids, and that until they learned the Government's ways and wishes they must walk with him about the country when he went out administering justice. He being an athletic man of 6 feet 3 inches and the murderers probably well under 5 feet 6 inches, the walking had possibly a somewhat penal character. However, they were kept at it for three years, at the end of which they knew English and more or less understood the Government's prejudices. He thereupon sent them back to their homes with a small but highly prized blue uniform to serve as village constables.

The treatment was unconventional, but he has always maintained that young men concerned in these raids were not criminals but probably the most enterprising people in the village, and when once educated would make good policemen. The same plan has been regularly followed with almost invariable success. In the few cases where one of these constables has again fallen into the ways of crime it is observed that he always begins by taking off his uniform.

This plan of pursuing the offender into the wilds of hostile villages, weary and dangerous as it was, became after some years unnecessary. All the more so because by that time the common belief had spread that the mysterious Governor was invulnerable.

These walks, when as chief magistrate of the island he went on circuit, formed a large element in his duties. For the administration of justice in Papua demands much sympathy and even originality in the judge. For one thing, there was a multiplicity of languages to be reckoned with; for another the native prisoner was sometimes rather proud of his conspicuous position and had little idea of defending himself. There might, for example, be six interpreters needed to get at the particular language of the prisoner in the dock charged with murder. The judge would say: 'I do not think you killed that boy,' and the message would pass through the interpreters till it reached the prisoner, to meet with an indignant denial: 'Of course I killed that boy.' Next the judge tries: 'I think that boy did something very bad to you,'—a statement received by the prisoner with a beaming smile and a nod: 'Not half so bad as what I did to him!' Then follows a patient and searching attempt to discover extenuating circumstances.

The worst criminals are, or were, sorcerers. On one occasion, a large constable, sent out to arrest a sorcerer, returned in an apologetic and embarrassed state of mind to explain that he had lost his prisoner on the way back: in fact, he had drowned him. This seemed an aggravated

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offence, but it appeared that while they were crossing a large river, the sorcerer had shown the constable a stick with a great number of notches, explaining: 'That notch is when I poisoned your father; those two are your two aunts; that is your brother,' and so on, through a whole series of murders, till the constable lost patience and threw his enemy overboard.

The verdict escapes me, but it was something not far from 'justifiable homicide.'

FOR the more constructive work of administration, economics, employment, population, public health, and the like, it was necessary to gain the confidence of the Papuans to a degree which had never been done before, except possibly here and there on a small scale by the best missionaries. Ordinarily the wild little men were afraid of approaching the stately representative of Government, but the Governor found that by going to sleep on his veranda, especially in his shirt-sleeves, he could diminish their fears. He would wake up and find a little row squatting one behind the other to ask his advice or his help.

He got his reward both in the great success of his general administration and in the personal affection of his subjects. A few years ago the boat in which he was sailing was upset in a river-mouth, exposed on one side to sharks and on the other to crocodiles. He was in imminent danger, when from all sides a crowd of little men, some of them throwing themselves into the water, some of them launching their boats, came to his rescue at the risk of their lives.

Government of this paternal kind would perhaps be rather above the appreciation of average white settlers in any part of the world. For many years it encountered fierce opposition. Settlers complained that the Governor was always protecting the natives and not considering the economic and financial prosperity of the island. They wanted quick results. Sir Hubert Murray deliberately preferred slow and healthy growth in plantations worked by free and contented native labor, and this he achieved.

There were also fierce protests from that common type of educationist whose chief enthusiasm is a desire to 'teach these beggars a lesson' and who complained to the Australian, and, it is said, at one time to the British, Government that the Governor's lax punishments and excessive humanity had made the lives of white men unsafe throughout the protectorate.

The Governor's answer was peculiarly crushing. It showed that within the last seven years the total list of murders of white men in Papua amounted to five. Life is a little safer there than in Piccadilly.

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MADAME LA SECRÉTAIRE

By ÈVE CURIE

Translated from *Marianne*, Paris Liberal Weekly

[*Daughter of the discoverer of radium, and a leading scientist in her own right, Madame Irène Joliot-Curie now occupies the post of Under Secretary for Scientific Research in the Cabinet of Premier Léon Blum. She is one of the first French women ever to hold a Cabinet post. The following portrait of her is by her sister.*]

SHE is a scientist, the daughter of two great scientists and the wife of another. She must have a very strong personality to make a go of that: in not resembling nor imitating anyone, not even her illustrious mother, in whose footsteps she seems to follow so faithfully. The amazing destiny which led a young girl from the desks of the Sorbonne to the retorts of the laboratory, which made her marry her co-worker and with him attain great heights of fame—I should not have imagined that there was more than one way of living such a life. I thought that our mother knew the secret and had taken it with her when she died. In my opinion a great woman scientist should have the same inner fire that Marie Curie had, her enthusiasm, her stubbornness, her fragility, her secret grace. And yet here we see another woman, Irène Joliot-Curie, passing stage by stage through the same singular career. But an entirely different woman. A woman whose character and whose reactions have not ceased to amaze me since we first came to know each other.

When I was a child, my elder sister's conduct seemed to me totally incomprehensible and, to tell the truth, scandalous. It used to dismay me to see Irène Curie get a box of bonbons, put it away in her small yellow pine cupboard, always in such meticulous order, take it out once to eat a single bonbon, and finally forget all about the existence of this treasure, which *I* should have devoured in a few hours. I have seen her accumulate in her savings bank, franc by franc, sums which seemed enormous to me but which she never spent—simply because she never wanted anything. I have seen her arrive punctually every day at the high school, her homework clearly written out in a comically childish hand, her lessons well learned. This young person, so unsociable, slow-moving, and hard to approach, lacked the dash of the brilliant pupils. She had something better: knowledge once acquired was fixed firmly in her well-ordered mind. The examination periods for the bachelor's and master's degrees, which had made even our mother in her time feverish

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and nervous, were for Irène Curie just like any other days. She went quietly to the Sorbonne, came back certain of being accepted, and then waited without much emotion for the results, of which she was sure in advance.

Poise, marvelous poise! This young woman knows nothing—or at least I think so—of inner torment, discouragement, pessimism. She has a talent for avoiding all the petty worries which could deflect her from her chosen path. And while she has not a shadow of vanity, she has complete confidence in herself. She has always known what she wanted and has achieved it without haste, without ostentation, but with patient courage.

ABOVE all she loves scientific research. In 1921 she published, in the *Comptes Rendus*, her first essay on physics. In 1935, after fourteen years of hard work, the Nobel chemistry prize brought her fame and the reward of knowing that, with her husband, she had contributed magnificently to scientific progress.

Because she hates city life, with its dust and noise, she has had a house built in the environs of Paris, and another in Brittany. This enables her to work from one end of the year to the other in a healthy atmosphere, and to live the simple family life that she loves. She adores sports, and even when she has been working hardest she has always found time to swim, to ski, to go down rivers in a canoe, and to climb mountains. On the other hand no human power could make Irène Joliot-Curie do anything that bored her, such as attending to her dresses or seeing importunate people—nor prevent her from yawning at an official reception.

Her unruffled calm and her constant good humor have often proved a boon to those about her: to the men wounded in the War whom she nursed for four years, to our mother, whose assistant she for a long time was, and to the laboratory students whose experiments she supervises and directs.

As for the frank and loyal friendship which exists between her and me, it has failed to become very intimate only because we have not had any faults in common—*she* is the one who lacks them. She is neither frivolous, nor unstable, nor a coquette. All my efforts to get her to take care of her fine hair and to make up her face, with its firm and beautiful features, like a primitive portrait, have been in vain. I have never succeeded in making Irène angry, nor have I ever heard her say anything nasty, and to my knowledge she has never told a lie in her life. She is an implacably honest person who reveals herself to everyone exactly as she is, with all her virtues and faults, and without seeking to embellish herself or to please in any way.

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In 1926, after having told us—my mother and myself—of her engagement, Irène brought Frédéric Joliot to see us one day. He was the most brilliant, the most eager worker in the Radium Institute. After ten years, the union of this thoughtful woman-student and that impetuous young scientist, who was brimming over with vitality and noble ideas, is one of the happiest I know of. By the side of her husband, whom she almost never leaves, since the two do their scientific research together, Irène Joliot-Curie has become more human, more tractable. I have seen her adapting herself little by little to family life, transforming herself into a housewife, growing deeply attached to the two children she has brought into the world.

The impassive physicist now gets excited about social questions, even about political doctrines. And, since our opinions differ on certain points, I finally succeeded some time ago in having a heated argument with my 'sister-who-never-gets-angry'—a discussion which lasted at least seven minutes! Amazed and dumbfounded by this unexpected event, we looked at one another in silence. Then we began to laugh, and, changing the subject, I asked Irène Joliot-Curie to explain clearly to me just what artificial radium was, the discovery of which brought her the Nobel prize.

My Friend Gorki

By Feodor Chaliapin

Translated from the *Poslednie Novosti*, Paris Russian-Émigré Social-Democratic Daily

[*In this memoir the great Russian basso, Chaliapin, recalls his friendship with the author of* Mother *and* The Lower Depths.]

ONE DAY as I was crossing from New York to Havre on the *Normandie*, they brought to my cabin, together with my morning coffee, a newspaper published on board the ship. On the front page, in large letters, were the words *Gorki est mort*. It is impossible to describe the shock of that blow. I had gotten out of bed to drink my coffee. After reading those three words I fell back on the bed again. I closed my eyes and saw before me once more the vivid figure, in a black leather jacket, with magnificent hair combed back from the brow, and with kind, merry eyes, sitting on the window-sill in the foyer of the Nijni-Novgorod Fair theater. His folded hands lay calmly in his lap, and this man, young but already stooped, was telling me:—

'I am glad to meet you, Chaliapin, because, as I have already told you at yesterday's performance, you are one of us . . .'

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Indeed, this same man came to the dressing room at the evening performance of *Life for the Tsar*, introduced himself as Gorki, and said to me in the Nijni-Novgorod accent which he retained all his life:—

'How well you play the Russian muzhik! Although I have no liking for these sentimental Russo-German themes, still I like the way you weep as Sussanin remembering the children.'

'Yes, I always try to play even the most artificial rôles as naturally as possible.'

This was my first encounter with Gorki and the beginning of a long, ardent, and sincere friendship. When he asked me once where I came from, I began to tell him my life story, and quite unexpectedly for both of us it came out that we had run across one another many times in our youth without knowing it, and that our lives were very much alike and in some cases had flowed side by side. For example, at the time when, as a boy, I worked as an apprentice for a shoemaker in Kazan, at the corner of Malaya Prolomnaya Street, Gorki was working in a bakery at the corner of the parallel Bolshaya Prolomnaya Street. I think his story, *Twenty-six and One*, belongs to that time. A little later, when, at seventeen, I was bumming my way from Astrakhan to the Nijni-Novgorod Fair on a tugboat and, finding myself without any money, was forced to take a hand in loading and unloading freight-barges during the stops, Alexei Maximovich was also earning his livelihood in the same way, working at a Samara port clad in trousers made out of two flour sacks. But at that time he was already contributing to the newspapers as a reporter and columnist.

From other conversations it came out that we lived not far from each other in Tiflis. When I was employed as a bookkeeper in the Trans-Caucasian Railroad office, Alexei Maximovich was working for the same road as a fitter and oiler. As for our famous tryout for the Kazan choir, it is true that both of us responded to the entrepreneur Serebriakov's appeal to citizens of Kazan to contribute young voices to his choir, but even at that time we did not know each other. Gorki was accepted, and I was not, because he was four years older than I was, and his voice was already formed, while mine was still changing. I remember another time when I was in Gorki's immediate vicinity. That was in Tiflis. While I, already a recognized artist, was singing my first season in a theater on Golovinski Avenue, Gorki was not far away—in the prison of the Metekhski fortress.

WHAT kind of a man was Alexei Maximovich Gorki? It seems to me that any man is bound to look more or less passable in a black jacket. A man has to be seen in a Turkish bath to be really seen. Gorki and I used to go to the Turkish baths very often. I once noticed that he had

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something like a hump on his back—well, not quite a hump, but the shoulder blades were very prominent, while the chest was sunken, and there were many thickened veins in his legs, not to mention a host of callouses and scars all over his body. I said to Gorki:—

'What is it, old man, that makes you stoop so, and causes your veins to stand out that way?'

And this is what he told me, and what I shall remember all my life:—

'Ekh! brother Feodor, now it is easier, but before—well, you can see for yourself . . .' And he showed me a scar on his chest, right over the heart. 'This is where, like a fool, I tried to take my own life with a home-made pistol.'

'How so? Why?'

'I didn't see any sense in going on—so many lies and sorrows around me. When they took me to the hospital and some friends came to see me, one of them looked at me reproachfully, shook his head, and said: "Ekh, you blockhead, and you want to be a writer, too! Aren't you ashamed!" When he said that, believe it or not, Feodor, all of a sudden I felt such a desire for life as I don't feel even now. As for my shoulder blades and veins and all the rest of me—I suppose it is all just as it should be. Here I tried to shoot myself and here I had some ribs broken!'

'Well, whatever is the matter with you?' said I jokingly. 'Either you try to shoot yourself, or you break your ribs.'

'I did not break my ribs; they were broken for me. This is how it happened. Once, on my way through a village, I saw a naked woman, with her hair down, standing between the shafts of a hay wagon where the horse belonged. The peasants sitting in the wagon were whipping her. For being unfaithful to her husband. A priest stood to one side—quietly and approvingly, you understand. I came over and shouted: "What is this, you sons of bitches? Have you lost your wits? What are you doing?" And the priest says to me, "And who may *you* be? What do *you* want here?" So I hauled off and let fly at the priest . . . Afterwards I came to myself in a ditch—I think only because, luckily, it began to rain and the cold water brought me to. Somehow I crawled to a village hospital. Whence the broken ribs . . .'

I BELIEVE that all these scars and all the things for which they stood were registered in this man's heart of hearts. A woman publicly whipped, a homeless life on the Volga, not only his own hopeless work and despair, not only his own doubt in the sense and truth of life, but that of the obscure and helpless millions around him—this is what loaded Gorki's home-made pistol.

Whatever I am told about Alexei Maximovich, I profoundly and firmly know, know without the slightest tinge of doubt, that all his

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thoughts, feelings, works, merits and faults, came from one root—from the Volga, the great Russian river, and the groans of the people living on it. If Gorki strode ahead impetuously and confidently, it was because he was striding toward a better future for his people, and if perhaps he strayed from the way which others might deem the only right one, it was still in the pursuit of that one purpose.

When I hear about Gorki's avarice, about his magnificent life in his Capri and Sorrento villas, about his riches, I feel ashamed for the people who say these things. I can safely say, for I know perhaps better than anybody else, that Gorki was one of those men who are always penniless, no matter how much they earn or acquire. Once, I remember, I lent him some money. That happened sometimes between us. Then I asked a little later whether he needed some more. 'Don't you worry, Feodor,' he wrote me. 'There is not enough trash in the world to fill *that* void.' Indeed, there could never be enough money for what he so generously and open-handedly scattered abroad.

I spoke about his eternal heartache for his people; I should like to say a word or two about his other passion—his love for Russia. I remember how this question came up between us two. It happened many, many years later. The Russian upheaval scattered us to all sides. I lived in Paris. Gorki was coming from Sorrento to Rome on his way to Moscow. I must say that at the time I left Russia, Gorki felt that I had acted wisely. He said himself: 'This is no place for you, brother.' When we met in Rome in 1928, when, in my friend's opinion, many things had changed in Russia and it was now possible for me to go and work there, he said to me severely:—

'And now, Feodor, is the time to go to Russia.'

There is no need of explaining why I refused to follow Gorki's advice. I can honestly say that I still do not know which one of us was right. But I do know that it was love both for me and for Russia that was speaking in Gorki at that time. Gorki felt deeply that we all belonged to our country, to our people, and that we must be with them not only morally—as I often console myself with the thought that I am—but also physically—with all our scars, all our wounds, all our disfigurements.

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Here are two short stories about life in Nazi Germany; the first, from a Swiss source, recounts an episode in the underground movement, while the second, by an Englishwoman, turns on the dilemma of a small-town parson.

Life *under the* Terror

I. The Courier

By Jan Petersen

Translated from the *National-Zeitung*, Basel Liberal German-Language Daily

ONCE again Erwin glanced over the words: 'Hold egg shipment—letter follows.'

He passed the telegram blank through the window. As he left the post office he noticed the great illuminated clock in the railway station across the street. Ten to nine—nine o'clock—nine o'clock. Wasn't that the time the courier had intended to return? For a moment he recoiled; but at once other thoughts came into his head. You are getting nervous. Tomorrow is Wednesday. It is tomorrow night that Rudolf returns. The morning wire will reach him.

A quarter of an hour ago the man from the 'machine' had brought him the newspaper. Erwin could again hear his dark, earnest voice:—

'Several members of the "domestic" service were arrested this afternoon. Our Nazi informant has not been able to give us the details yet; but you must warn the courier.'

This afternoon the enemy 'machine' was already taking measures. They must have strong support in the Gestapo. The great hall of the railway station was filled with hurrying, talking people. The noise hung in the air like a muffled roar. Erwin stopped before the bulletin board. There! Express from E___—9:14.

A little while later he sat down in a cabaret. He had told himself that he must mix with people occasionally, and relax. This illegal work jarred the nerves—and every day might be the end.

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Toward the middle of the hall the tables were crowded. Everybody jumped up as soon as the saxophone began to whimper. Tightly packed, the couples shoved each other across the smooth, round dance floor. A sudden roll of the drum. At the front of the stage two girls began to whirl. Their thin costumes flew; with comical, contorted movements the bandmaster conducted the music. Erwin drank a little beer, and watched.

Suddenly the grinning face of the bandmaster dissolved into figures: 9:14. The girls no longer whirled; something else was now jumping around: 9:14. Erwin passed his hands across his eyes and stared at the next table. A fair, bobbed head. A man leaned towards it, whispering something. Erwin heard the woman laugh, saw a trimmed, dark beard—and again: 9:14.

What if Rudolf should already have finished the conversation in E___? What if he were to take the evening train tonight, a day earlier? In that case the morning message would not reach him. It would not have been the first time that Rudolf had come back early! Erwin turned the beer coaster between his fingers, tugged at the pasteboard. The thought refused to leave him. Wasn't he well enough aware of Rudolf's peculiarities? He always travels by night. In the morning he will go directly from the station to the apartment, freshen up, and at once try to communicate with Erwin. Now if he does that today—he will reach the apartment without a word of warning!

Suddenly the music, all the noise, became unbearable. He paid his check, and with slow, mechanical steps walked through the streets. Thoughts scrambled through his head with a thousand feet. How often had an inexplicable hunch warned him and saved him from arrest! And suddenly it became a certainty. He did not know whence it came, but it was as if somebody had whispered into his ear: 'Rudolf arrives tomorrow morning early—you must catch him at the station!' Go home? He might oversleep. Some of the nightclubs were open until three o'clock in the morning, and the two remaining hours would somehow pass.

II

Erwin walked along the platforms. At the third one large chalk letters on a blackboard read: 'Express from E___ due in twenty minutes.' Two men in blue uniforms passed him. They were carrying large revolver holsters, and wore swastika arm bands. Station police! The newspaper kiosks were still closed. The ticket punchers sat sleepily at the gate, and a few solitary travelers stood about with their luggage. There was damned little doing—everyone was conspicuous.

Erwin went into the waiting room and ordered a cup of coffee. He shivered and his eyes burned from the wakeful night. With great effort he lit a cigarette, feeling out everyone with his eyes. A bare dozen people were in the room. A few sat and dozed, their heads bent forward. That big fellow at the bar? Has no luggage—looks too well dressed, too. How he lets his little pig eyes roam about as he sucks at his cigar in seeming thoughtfulness! Those in uniform are less dangerous.

Again Erwin wandered to and fro in the concourse. Two postal workers drove an electric mail truck to track three. A few porters were already

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standing at the gate. The door to the waiting room slammed. The big fellow was among those coming out. Erwin did not let him out of his sight. At the stairway the big fellow stopped for a moment, exchanging a few words with a man in a derby hat, and then went on. The hunch was right! Gestapo! I shall not try to speak to Rudolf. He will know my sign, anyhow, Erwin reflected. A few tortured minutes passed, and then the air trembled —the express train.

The passengers formed a knot at the gate, and, with their luggage, slowly pushed past the guard. No one escaped Erwin, who kept his eye on the whole scene. The man in the derby hat was now standing on the other side of the gate. The big fellow was not in sight. Now the procession of travelers thinned. Rudolf could no longer be expected—he always took care to remain in the crowd. Slowly Erwin walked away, lighting a cigarette. The man in the derby hat? He was at the news stand, looking at pictures with 'interest.' 'He has stuck to me,' Erwin reflected. 'I must have aroused the suspicions of the big fellow, and this other one has now taken up the "shadowing."'

When does the next express train from E___ arrive? In one hour. Impossible to remain at the station that long. Rudolf always takes the street car immediately—that means another half-hour—I shall go to his street corner arm in arm with a girl.

In front of the station Erwin waited until the street car had already started, then jumped aboard. All right! The 'companion' is not in the car. A few stops further on he alighted and went to a telephone booth. When he arrived at the street corner, Eva was already waiting for him. She looked 'harmless,' as always, Erwin concluded, with satisfaction. A light spring outfit, a bold hat, a colorful scarf. Eva took his arm and trotted along beside him.

'Listen. We shall walk back and forth along the street. We must be very gay—we are "in love."'

Eva answered merely, 'Good.'

'How quickly she adapts herself to every situation,' Erwin reflected. 'She knows that I cannot answer her questions!'

It was a street in the town's better section. The houses had ornamental front yards, with shrubs in bloom. In many windows the blinds were still pulled down. Servants with market baskets were already on the street, and the milkman was ringing his little bell. Erwin could see nothing suspicious. Eva snuggled up close, talking animatedly and sometimes laughing aloud. Erwin looked at his wrist watch. If Rudolf is coming on the second train he ought to be here any minute—back to the corner near the street car stop!

The two had not yet reached the corner when a man turned into the street. Something like an electric shock passed through Erwin's whole body. The blond beard, the gold eyeglasses, the light briefcase—Rudolf. He was coming toward them. Erwin pressed Eva's arm. She stopped talking, grasping the situation at once. Rudolf must already have recognized him. When he was almost abreast, Erwin stretched out his hand inconspicuously, thumb down. For a moment they looked at each other. Rudolf's face twitched—then he passed and crossed to the other side of the street.

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At the corner Erwin stopped, put his arm around the girl's waist, and looked back. Rudolf was walking calmly along on the other side. He did not want to attract attention—he was going to pass his house on the other side of the street. Now he will be past it. Now!

Then Erwin saw two men come out of Rudolf's house. With long strides they ran across the street toward Rudolf. They took him between them. Erwin and Eva stood rooted to the spot.

'Not—like—that Eva!' Erwin gasped.

The girl gave a shrill laugh. It sounded like the breaking of metal. Then she dragged Erwin on.

II. March 12, 1935

By Agnes Dunker

From the *London Mercury*, London Literary Monthly

IT WOULD be inaccurate to say that Pfarrer Lorenz had not followed the conflict from the beginning. As early as the summer of 1933, he had attended a district meeting of the clergy and had told his wife Selma of the new movements in the Church. Positively, he said, a new body calling themselves German Christians were demanding the abolition of the Old Testament. Then there were to be changes in Church administration and, said Lorenz, the Union (he meant the German Evangelical Church Union) was taking the matter up and protesting.

But the truth is he did not attach much importance to this cloud no bigger than a man's hand, and did not attend a meeting again for some time. He hardly thought it worth the expense. And one had so little time. There was always something important to do in the parish, or in the garden, which supplied a large part of their fare.

Besides, could it all make much difference in Emdorf? If one overlooked the place from the hill behind it, a little more than village, a little less than town, with red roofs peeping out of trees, and remembered that the material and spiritual tenor of its existence had been unaltered for at least three hundred years, it was difficult to imagine something so unsubstantial as Church administration or even details of doctrine effecting a change. Nor, in fact, was Heinrich Lorenz himself greatly interested in politics, doctrine or administration. He had left the seminary thirty years ago, settled down in Emdorf, and, except for service during the War, had scarcely left it.

Of course, his son Kurt, who was working with a firm of architects in distant Berlin, was heart and soul with the new régime, and when he came home on brief visits, one got an impression of how things were moving in the world. At these times Kurt would try to rouse his father and find out cautiously whether he was going to come out on the German Christian side. But the discussion hardly even made a beginning, so tepid was Heinrich's participation.

'I don't believe,' said Kurt to his mother on one such occasion more

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than a year later, 'that Father has been to a single meeting this year.'

'He says meetings are sterile business,' answered Selma, trying to keep up a show of defending her husband.

'But surely he wants to understand the new Germany and help her. And how can he do so if he remains entirely out of touch with the outside world?'

Selma was privately of the same opinion, and at supper they both tried to persuade Lorenz to attend the district meeting on the morrow.

'Now don't say you can't leave the garden,' said Kurt. 'If there's something very urgent, though I doubt it in October, I'll do it, if it isn't teeming with rain. It isn't the day for the confirmation class, and you haven't anyone to marry, or baptize. You wrote a letter for Grossmutter Winkelmann to her son in America last week—you told me so, and the quarrel about the price of Schatz's donkey has been adusted. What else is there? Is it the day for old Petersen? I'll go and see him instead and read him a chapter. I'll warrant Emdorf will still be on its legs when you get back.'

Heinrich smiled. He was rather short, had the usual close-cropped head and wore round glasses. His eyes were mild but intelligent, his manner benign but not weak. He was immensely proud of Kurt and could not withstand him.

'I'll go for once,' he returned. 'But, to tell you the truth, I think it all just a passing excitement which will die down before long. Some changes in administration may be made, to be sure, and the clergy themselves are interested there, but the ultimate parishioner is not much affected by such alterations.'

Kurt restrained himself with some difficulty from embarking on a long exposition of the new doctrine. But he found the opportunity after the meeting, for Heinrich gave him an account of it.

'Was any reference made to Hauer's speech?' asked Kurt.

Well, yes, some members had mentioned that Christianity as a directing force seemed to have expired in Germany, but Heinrich thought such sensational views would soon be dropped.

'But you must realize, Father, that there is a great new spirit abroad, and our people need a new spiritual impetus, something that will give them strength, hope, faith in their mission.'

'The same faith is always waiting for them.'

'But that's just it, Father. The same faith is not what is wanted. Something new is wanted—a gospel of strength and self-reliance and joy in the new undertaking.'

'All those things come through prayer.'

'You may be right. But you know how our people were long indifferent to religion. Look at your own empty church!'

'Then they should repent and turn again to God.'

'They *have* repented. They have put behind them weakness, dalliance and sin. They need religion, but it must be a religion suited to the race, to the German blood and spirit.'

'The Christian faith is universal and international,' said Lorenz.

'True. But you will admit that it takes a different tinge in different parts of the world. Are Coptic Christians quite the same as Scottish followers of John Knox? Peasants in the Balkans believe that saints control the

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weather. Does any agricultural worker round Emdorf believe that? You know he doesn't. Perhaps that is why the Church in our country failed, because it did not speak to the race with a German voice.'

'The Church failed!' ejaculated Lorenz.

'Perhaps it relied on a Christianity that was so internationally vague and colorless as to mean nothing national, was out-of-date, speaking a language that carried neither conviction nor encouragement to a striving, living people in urgent need of both. After all, nationalism is the strongest human force in the world today and the official Church does nothing to meet it.'

The Pfarrer stirred uneasily, conscious within himself of a long tale of conventional sermons, taken largely from books none too new, and given at intervals calculated to out-stretch the longest memory. He made an instant resolve to spend more thought on his sermons in future, and Kurt dropped the subject. He left for the city next day, and promised to come again at Christmas.

II

Lorenz saw him off, thinking him a fine fellow, handsome and sure of himself. Of course, if Selma had not been such a splendid wife, they would not have been able to send him to the *Hochschule* to study. But not only did she darn dusters and produce dinners out of nothing. She wrote verses, and got money for them! She wrote cookery recipes too, even more, which appeared in the *Hausfrau*. She seemed undismayed at the prospect of sending Gretel to the university also. Gretel was to take the *Abitur* examination at Easter. No doubt Kurt would help a little there. Heinrich's face would take on a slight smile when his thoughts hovered around Gretel, his darling. She had been born while he was a padre in the Field, and perhaps that was why, to this day, he felt a special tenderness for her.

Heinrich found it pleasanter to dwell on these domestic matters than on the Church conflict, though he had no doubts about his own position, whatever Kurt might say. Indeed, so as to avoid argument, he had said nothing to him about the manifesto. In consequence of the bitter dispute in Bavaria, a manifesto had been prepared and made known to the recent meeting. The majority of the clergy there were, like Heinrich, Confessionals, and these had agreed to read aloud the document, which asserted their adherence to old principles, from the pulpit on the coming Sunday. Greatly to Selma's private annoyance, Heinrich did this. She discussed the matter with him afterwards, but achieved nothing. For all his gentleness, Heinrich could make up his own mind. The congregation, small, elderly and passive, paid little regard to the reading and perhaps did not understand it.

But when it came to the Declaration of Independence at the end of November, in which the Confessionals declared that they would take no orders from the new Church authorities imposed by the Government, Heinrich's congregation looked startled, and gossiped a good deal outside the church afterwards. Selma was actually angry and made no effort to exclude Gretel from the subsequent scene. 'What would Kurt say?' she asked, when she had accused her husband of stagna-

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tion, refusing help to those who needed it, and treachery to the Fatherland.

'It can't make any difference to Kurt in any case. His life is carried on miles from here, and not connected with the Church.'

'But, Father . . . ' began Gretel, in a trembling voice. Indeed, she was quaking from head to foot. Heinrich looked at her in inquiry.

'You know, Father, only about a third of the girls are allowed to go up to the university, of those who pass the exam. . . . All the girls say no one will be chosen who belongs to the Confessionals. Only German-Christians will be given permission to study. Everyone says so.' She began to cry a little.

'Nonsense,' said Heinrich sharply, and went off to his own room.

But before long he became aware that it was not nonsense. In the ensuing week, some of his congregation failed to see him in the street. But some crossed the road on purpose to speak to him. They asked after his family and commented on the approach of Christmas. One or two even congratulated him on the stand he was making, and told him how the cleavage was working in neighboring towns. Some clergy, it seemed, hovered as neutrals, but most had decided one way or the other. Those with children to advance had mostly become German-Christians.

A cold chill descended on Heinrich. He went for a long walk through the fields when he left his interlocutor.

It was the first of many he took that winter, through rain, or wind, or snow. He became very thoughtful, and, against his habit, irritable. Long after she had gone to bed, Selma could hear him walking his study. But the preparations for Christmas soon drove other considerations aside. There was much to be arranged for in the parish, and both Heinrich and she were fully occupied. Gretel brought home a report from school that made her jubilant, and Kurt arrived in a whirlwind of excitement.

'What do you think, good people!' he cried. 'There's a municipal job going in Altstadt, and I'm going to try for it. What will you say to me when I'm a *Stadtbaurat*, eh?'

They were all greatly impressed.

'Old Schmidtsohn is backing me. In fact, on the fourth of next month I'm going over to Altstadt to see some people he's given me an introduction to. And how's old Emdorf? Still taking in one another's washing for a living?'

III

He accompanied Heinrich on some of his long walks, and it was inevitable that they should discuss the subject so near to their hearts. Even administration, it seemed, was beginning to acquire interest for the pastor. If reform was needed, the parishes should be built up from below; they should reform themselves. There was no need for a new machinery; the Church in every province and state possessed the necessary constitution.

'That is an old framework,' returned Kurt. 'It dates back a long time, and reflects the innumerable little states and principalities of before the War. There ought to have been a unified Church long ago. What would your plan mean but lots and lots of meetings, just as all the different bodies had at the beginning of the Republic? And precious little came

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out of them. Why, you yourself have said meetings are sterile. No, Father, what we want is men, not meetings. We have established the leadership principle in the State and undoubtedly we want it in the Church too. We want one Church throughout the land. I have heard you say that a nation must be founded on religion—obviously it must be one religion, and expressed by living men, not resolutions passed at meetings.'

It was extremely difficult to answer him. 'Surely the doctrine held by the Church leader must be acceptable to all?'

'The Leader must lead,' said Kurt doggedly. 'And, mind you, Father, it's bound to come. It's perhaps natural that elderly people should not want to change' (Heinrich winced) 'and we're willing' (we!) 'to exercise patience, if they don't make things too difficult. But if one regards the matter without sentiment or prejudice, it's obvious that beliefs must change with time as other ideas do. Who believes the Bible literally nowadays? Perhaps a limited sect here and there. No one else. So compromise creeps in; awkward bits are explained away; symbolism, mistakes made by oral tradition, and what not, account for what we don't like. Much better to be honest, I think, and say openly that the doctrine of self-sacrifice is out of date—we have no use for resignation and submission. A spiritual *modus vivendi*, which was founded by poor Eastern fisherfolk, can't offer enough to a twentieth century nation in the West.'

'Kurt, you don't know what you are saying,' said his father. 'Pray, what spiritual *modus vivendi* have you to offer in exchange?'

'Don't get angry, Father. Whatever it is, it must have the characteristic German impress, embody German ideals and give scope for German spirit. It must stand on German soil.'

'Is not Christianity larger than that?' groaned Heinrich.

'Dear Father, this *is* Christianity. I beg of you not to misunderstand it. It is Christianity tinged with Germanism, so that it may help Germans.'

They argued for hours. Kurt's position sometimes seemed to his father contradictory and sophistical; sometimes his patent sincerity carried Heinrich with him. Once it leaked out that his application for the new post would be strengthened if all his connections were German-Christian. '"Those who want to advance their children are German-Christians,"' thought Heinrich.

Another time it leaked out that Selma was in an agony of fear lest Heinrich's 'obstinacy' should reach the ears of the authorities, and that he would be sent to a concentration camp, or be superseded by a pastor of more amiable persuasion. What then? Selma's cousin was married to a Pfarrer in Westphalia, and Hedwig's husband was in camp. Hedwig had been obliged to go home and stay with her parents. Selma's parents were dead long ago. What could Selma and Gretel do in such a case?

On the night preceding Kurt's departure for Altstadt, Selma heard her husband walking half the night in his study. She wished they had more carpets in the house.

Of course, everyone went with Kurt to the station, and it was while they walked ahead of the two women that Heinrich took the opportunity to say quietly, 'I won't do or say publicly

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anything that would injure your prospects, my boy.'

Kurt's heart gave a leap. He glanced at the face beside him, and thought it looked older. He said 'Thank you,' in a low voice.

A few days later he wrote to say that the actual appointing in Altstadt was postponed for a few weeks. The old josser who was to be replaced had rallied somewhat, and though the end could not be far off, it was felt unkind to engage in any public act about his successor. Kurt had seen the people old Schmidtsohn knew and thought he had made a favorable impression.

IV

Heinrich's sermons changed after this. They were new-written, touched on the problems of the nation, and urged industry, economy, and self-reliance. In fact, the congregation increased a little, and it became known that he was associating himself with various organizations of Government color. People who had latterly failed to see him in the street now spoke to him cordially. A few old friends dropped off.

Sometimes circulars came for Heinrich from the Prussian Confessional Synod. Selma did not refer to them, but she noticed that Heinrich fingered them, turned them over and then put them away. He went to no more meetings.

'Surely you are not going for a walk today?' she said once, as he was setting off in pouring rain.

'Yes, yes, much better. If I don't get enough exercise, I don't sleep. Even that doesn't do it always.'

He came home wet through and developed a high temperature. Selma kept him in bed for a few days and gave him homely remedies. Gretel used to sit by him when she came in from school, and tell him schoolgirl gossip and ask about homework. Together they counted the weeks till the examination. Gretel thought she would be successful. Heinrich was sure of it.

When he went about again, he felt extraordinarily tired. Selma surrounded him with cossetting care, and yet there lay a constraint between them which they had never known in the past, though Selma had long dropped the discussion of Church affairs.

Early in March Heinrich received a bulky official letter, with which he at once retired to his study. Selma waited a while and then knocked at the door.

'Heinrich, your coffee. It is cold. Shall I heat it and bring it here for you?'

'All right. Yes.'

She brought it, and set it on his writing table. The sheets he had read lay strewn about. She did not care to look at them, but lingered.

'Read it if you want to,' said Heinrich, and resumed his pacing.

A manifesto to be read on the Sunday following receipt, by all those who associated themselves with the Reich Council of Brethren of the Confessional Movement—against the attempt to impose a bi-denominational system on the Church, of German Christians on the one hand and Confessionals of the older doctrines on the other—this would eventually come to mean an undenominational Church, secular and racial—the Protestant Opposition must close its ranks for a renewal of the conflict—this so-called 'new religion' must not conquer. . . .

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Selma dropped the papers and looked at her husband.

'Well, there it is,' he said, with a sort of shrug. 'There's no sitting on the fence possible. If I read it, I go back on all I have said and done since the New Year, and apparently injure all three of you. If I don't read it . . .'

After a brief silence, he went on, 'When all's said and done, I *did* take an oath at my ordination.'

'Oh, but the circumstances now. . . .' began Selma.

'There's one possibility,' he continued, disregarding her. 'The police may intervene and seize the manifesto. I fancy, if it's done at all, that no pastorate will be omitted this time. Today is Tuesday. They will arrive, if at all, on Friday at the latest.'

Selma did not know what to wish. She only knew that every knock at the door that week made her heart beat, so that she could almost hear it. Yet, in the evening, when she sat sewing and realized that the day had passed without police intervention, she felt almost more agitated. For how easily would that have solved their difficulty!

On Friday nothing happened. Heinrich gave no sign. Again he paced his study more than half the night. Selma heard every step. She slept a little towards morning and saw that Heinrich was doing the same when she got up. But he came down soon after and inquired for the post.

The morning dragged on somehow. At three o'clock he went off for his Saturday walk, and stayed away longer than usual.

'Come, Gretel, we will have supper. Father would rather we did not wait,' said Selma, when it became dark. But as they were seating themselves, there came a knock at the front door unlike all the other knocks of the week, and Selma started up in response.

The police. Was the Herr Pfarrer at home? Very sorry to disturb, but duty compelled. The Herr Pfarrer had received some documents this week. They regretted extremely, but had high orders to demand that they be handed over. If the Herr Pfarrer was not at home, could the Frau Pfarrer perhaps find the papers?

They followed Selma to the study. The papers were not locked away, she thought. She opened this drawer and that, and heard their voices say that the document must on no account be read in church tomorrow, and if the Frau Pfarrer could not find it and could give that assurance . . .

As Selma found and drew it forth, there came another knock at the door, long yet trembling, insistent yet half-hearted.

As they came from the study, Gretel opened the door.

There were men whom they knew standing round the door. They began to explain something rather slowly, helping one another out. It was several minutes before Selma began to understand them, and to become aware of some object behind them.

And at last they could improvise no longer, and when the word 'water' had been uttered often enough to prepare anyone, they parted and brought nearer a sort of hand-cart. Selma and Gretel saw the two officials each remove his shako. And then they looked down and saw the quiet features of Heinrich without their accustomed glasses, shining damp on his coat, and water dripping from the edge of it.

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A young Englishman goes to Brazil to investigate political conditions, and sees a good deal more than he contracted for; a fellow-countryman, visiting India, describes the Bramaputra River and the motley crowd crossing it.

Englishmen ABROAD

I. Brazilian Misadventure

By Richard Freeman

From the *New Statesman and Nation*, London Independent Weekly of the Left

THROUGH the odd behavior of the Brazilian police I and my two companions were recently given the chance of seeing the inside of a Brazilian political prison.

Last February Lady Hastings and her sister-in-law, Lady Marian Cameron, went to Brazil to write a book about that country, and took me with them as their secretary. The book was to be as comprehensive as possible and my job was to collect, sift, sort and arrange all the Government reports and statistics and any other available material.

We were met at Rio by members of the Special Police, who insisted that we were a delegation 'sent from Moscow to investigate their political prisons.' Our luggage was searched and I was taken to the police station to be questioned; but the police had to admit that there was no evidence to support their statement. After ten hours with the police I was released with the warning that 'if we made any attempt to get into touch with political prisoners we would be kicked out of the country or put in gaol, but that otherwise we might see anything we pleased.'

For the next week the constant interference of the police made it impossible for us to see anything of Brazilian national life. If anyone came to see us, they were intercepted and told that they would be much wiser not to, or even occasionally, more peremptorily, that they might not see us.

At the end of the week the British Ambassador was prevailed on to in-

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terfere. He went to see the Brazilian Foreign Minister, who offered, through the medium of his personal secretary, to show us anything we pleased. Next day we set out with the Secretary to see the first of a series of Government institutions, the Emergency Hospital in Rio.

We were not more than half-an-hour in the hospital before the police arrived in force and we were all arrested. The charge this time, though never formally stated to us, was that (though in the company of the Secretary of the Foreign Minister) we were 'trying to elude the police.'

At the Central Police Station, the police led us out of the office along a balcony overlooking the courtyard into which an American boy, Victor Baron, had thrown himself, or been thrown, to death on the day before. At the end of the balcony was a barred gate. With our escort we passed through, and the gate clanged shut after us.

My first impression was of rows of beds; on each bed was a man—some fully dressed, some half-dressed. A smaller room led off it, with more beds and more men. On the right of the first room was a glass swing door, like the entrance to a Continental bar, which led into the women's room, into which the two ladies were taken.

I was given a bed in the corner of the larger room and told not to talk to anyone. I lay down on the soiled sheet which covered it and took a good look at my fellow prisoners. They still lay on their beds, almost motionless, without showing the slightest interest in my arrival. As I was to learn during the next few days, it is always healthier to pay no attention to new arrivals in a Brazilian political prison: they might be anything, stool pigeons or men from whom the police wanted to extort information. With the former you might later find yourself supposed to have incriminated people you had never heard of and with the latter you might find yourself being 'closely questioned' by the Special Police in case any information had been passed on to you.

Several hours passed, very slowly. Practising smoke rings on my bed, I could hear intermittent conversation in the women's room. There was a man at the end of my bed and he was trying to talk to me. I moved down nearer to the end of the bed and listened. He was talking passable English.

'Why are you in here?'

I looked at the guards; they had their backs turned to us. 'I don't know,' I whispered back.

'Are you a political prisoner?'

Still the guards' backs were turned.

'Aren't we all?' I whispered cautiously.

'Are you with us?' he said, looking at me meaningly.

There was something odd about the continued indifference of the guards to my activities. Up till this moment one or other of them had watched me continuously. I felt I had better watch my step.

'Sure, in the prison with you,' I said.

He shook his head disappointedly. 'We are all comrades together here.'

I looked at him as if he was crazy.

'You are a comrade, too?' he asked, and, without turning to see whether the police were watching him, he raised a clenched fist in the Communist salute.

I must look very green, I thought, if this stool pigeon imagines that he is doing his job well enough.

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'Hi,' I called out to the chief warder, 'this man is talking to me.'

The warder looked surprised and told my questioner to go away.

Presently a little middle-aged woman walked stiffly through our room and into the women's room. Walking very slowly between two Special Police she seemed to be trying to avoid every unnecessary movement of her body. The guards went into the women's room with her and stayed there. I thought she had been beaten and I was later told by the two ladies that from their observation of her they also thought she had been.

II

After we had been in eight hours, all three of us were called out. It appeared that the two ladies were to be released; but I would have to stay in. On my return I did not have to wait long before another attempt at conversation was made.

A young man stood at the end of my bed and, when the warders were not looking, muttered quickly in French:—

'Take a bed in the other room.'

I waited for a few minutes and then strolled into the smaller of the men's rooms.

I lay down and started to smoke. One of the warders in the other room noticed that I had moved from the bed that was allotted to me and came in to see what I was up to; but I was engrossed in blowing smoke rings. He went back again and the man who had spoken to me in French lay down on the bed next to me.

'We thought that they might beat you up tonight. You will be safer in here.'

The conversation was halting; sometimes it took an hour to complete a sentence because the guards were watching. But, except for a period of six hours when a guard caught us talking and came and sat on the end of my bed, we talked almost continuously, day and night. The early period was taken up with satisfying ourselves that each was not a police spy. I did not think that he was and I don't think he thought that I was; but we both wanted to be quite sure. Put in cold print, it looks a waste of time, but it took something like five hours to settle this simple fact to the satisfaction of both of us.

I had told him how the police had originally suspected me of intending to investigate the conditions of the political prisons. He had said:—

'And now that you are in one, what are you going to do?'

'Find out all I can about them,' I replied.

So he had set to work to tell me the stories of the prisoners in that room. He told me to look at the hands of a man sitting in the corner of the room. The hands were in a horrible condition; some of the nails looked as if they had been stripped off. He had been beaten and had had spikes driven under his nails during interrogation by the Special Police, my informant told me.

Another man, whose conversation he translated for me, said that he had been beaten himself and then had had his wife beaten insensible in front of him in order to extract information. He pointed to other men in the room who had been beaten with rubber truncheons.

'The others,' he said drily, 'have not yet had a proper interrogation.'

On the second night, round about

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midnight, a man was brought in. He looked dazed and his face showed signs of being knocked about. He was brought in by three Special Police; two of them were holding his arms. When they were in the middle of the room, the one holding the prisoner's right arm let go and caught him a crack in the face with his fist. The other also let go his hold and the prisoner stood, head hanging and arms limp by his sides, only half conscious. A rain of blows followed until the man collapsed on to the floor, the right side of his face raw with the blows he had received; gouts of blood were springing from the swelling that had been his eye and his nose appeared to be broken. With a joke to our warders the three Special Police left us and we lay still on our beds as though waiting for something to happen.

'Don't go near him,' the voice next to me warned. 'He has been questioned, and you will be, too, if you are found talking to him.'

The man on the floor stirred, dragged himself up and slumped down on an empty bed.

On the third morning six men in uniform were brought in with extra guards. My informant said that they had been brought back for further questioning from the prison ship in the middle of the harbor. I said I would like to talk to them and he said he would do what he could, though it would be difficult with the extra police in the room.

A diversion was caused in the other room with some fancy sparring between two of the prisoners, and one of the uniformed prisoners sat down on my bed. He had been told that I spoke German or French (both badly), and he told me about the conditions amongst the convicted prisoners.

The conditions, he told me, were not so bad for the intellectuals and officers as for the workers. He believed that a systematic effort was being made to crush every spark of revolt out of the workers. 'They cannot do it,' he said. 'Vargas (the present President of the Brazilian Republic) represents only a tiny minority who for years have made bargains with England and America which have made foreign business men rich and kept Brazil poor. Vargas can count on the support of these foreign interests, but he will never win the support of the majority of the Brazilian people. That is why we have this organized terror. One day we will have a free Brazil.'

I asked him what the spirit of the men on the *Don Pedro II*, the battleship from which he had come, was like. He told me that it was excellent. During the very hot weather they had had a strike for a better and more plentiful water supply; the prisoners had refused to come out of their cells and had stayed there singing revolutionary songs until their demand had been granted. He said also that they were learning much from each other, and their joint experience would one day serve Brazil—if ever they got free.

'Yes, one day,' he repeated, 'we will have a free Brazil.'

The sparring in the next room was over and we separated. A warder came and sat on the end of my bed until I was released later in the afternoon. But I had heard and seen enough to be able to keep my promise to tell the world of the sufferings of Brazilian political prisoners and to plead on their behalf for justice and for their lives.

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II. Bramaputra Crossing

By Philip Jordan

From *Life and Letters Today*, English Literary Quarterly

THE imaginative traveler who crosses the Bramaputra river at Armingaon would hardly be surprised if a film-producer were to bob up from behind a sand-dune and tell him that he was taking part in one of the earlier reels of a banned Soviet film depicting the decline and fall of over-satisfied imperial ambitions. The landscape is one of gentle melancholy, such as directors associate with spring in remote regions of the Soviet Union; and the figures who march in single file across its white sand are Mongolians with heads like guardsmen's bearskins; and a sprinkling of over-grown caricatures—pink-sugar English schoolboys with no thought beyond the urgency of their material comforts. But the same traveler would equally receive an hour of serene pleasure which leaves behind it a sustaining and permanent memory of beauty on whose inexhaustible resources he can draw until he dies.

We arrived at Armingaon soon after six on a spring morning, having left Calcutta in the Darjeeling Mail some twenty hours earlier. The carriage, by no means spotless when we had changed into it at Parbatipur the previous evening, was now lined with a penetrating dust that had even managed to get into a tightly screwed flask of whisky. I was covered with a prodigal integument of sand; my throat was dry and my eye-sockets were charred.

Stepping on to the platform, beyond whose end lay the great river, which for twenty years had been a resounding memory of my geography lessons, was like drinking a very large glass of cold water: the dust in my throat rapidly froze and took my breath away. It was delicious. Two shivering 'peons,' who had been sent by the local authorities to carry my luggage over the river, did not share my delight; and their chattering teeth successfully prevented them from speaking a comprehensible word—not that words were necessary, for there was only one thing to be done: to submit to the cataract of my fellow-travelers.

In the middle of the night I had stretched my legs at some forgotten halt, and had seen, by the faint and flickering light of the station arcs, their unhappy faces, herded in the shabby discomfort of third-class wagons. Those faces were not unhappy now: the intoxication of the morning air had not affected me alone. The platform was crowded with little men whose features seemed to have been carved out of coconuts, so precisely similar to the shape of that fruit were the contours of their attractive heads.

This ochre herd, whose mischievous and narrow eyes conveyed the impression that life was one long and splendid joke, were all dressed in maroon serge caftans, caught round the waist with heavy leather belts whose buckles were studded with colored stones. Those of the dandies shone with brass and gold inlay. Like all central Asiat-

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ics, they appeared at first sight to have slanting eyes, but in fact their eyes are set in sockets as horizontal as our own, and it is only the eyebrows, growing upward at an acute angle, that have caused careless observers to spread that rumor about their features which is so generally believed. Almond-eyed they may be, but the almonds are horizontal; and most of them, ravaged by malaria, are the color of pale guineas.

The natural gaiety of my fellow-travelers expressed itself in their shoes: nearly all of them, in sharp contradiction to the Indian tea-pluckers, who moved on bare feet, were shod in variegated sandals whose predominant color was always bright green, but whose interwoven straps, climbing like ivy around slim calves, boasted all the colors of the spectrum. Some wore thick stockings like footballers; but I did not see fifteen of the same pattern. All, without exception, carried enormous loads on their backs, and from the torn gray blankets which enveloped them the handles of frying pans and, at that hour, the subdued faces of alarm clocks indiscreetly peeped. Some carried empty bird-cages. Women in striped skirts supported babies in precisely the same way as the men bore their loads; and moving amongst them all, and, by contrast, giants, were the pink and overgrown English schoolboys in sun-helmets, all looking severe. There were only six of them, but they walked as though the crowd of little men did not exist at all.

What gave them virtue I did not know, but I suspect that it was their quite unnecessary sun-helmets; for, as the marshal's baton is his symbol of authority, the 'topee' is the outward and visible sign of a 'superior' civilization: it is almost a sacred banner, to buy and to possess an authentic specimen of which sycophantic Indians have been known to forgo the most desirable of their pleasures; for a man with a quite useless topee of his own is an infinitely greater and wiser person than a man who spends his money on a pair of shoes to prevent himself from getting hookworm. It is all a matter of taste.

From the end of the platform I saw the great river whose source lies on the high platform of Tibet. It lay a quarter of a mile below me, of a pallor so similar to that of the sand which separated me from it that it was difficult to know precisely where the two converged. It was not its size at which I stopped to gaze, for although it was several miles broad, it was—because I had envisaged it for many years—naturally not so impressive as I had imagined it would prove to be: what bewitched me was the long trail of plum-colored bodies moving very slowly across the sand.

The ground at my feet fell away to the water, and by a trick of perspective the presence of men added incalculable miles to that short walk. The sun on their left—for we were crossing the river from the north—had just come up, and now threw sable shadows four times a man's own height on to a ground that resembled nothing so much as a cinema screen. Each little body in that landscape became an appendage of its own unsubstantial image; and in that first view I could and did believe that men were walking on water before my eyes. A sudden wind disturbed the pellucid calm of Bramaputra, and I could see where the land ended; simultaneously

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all hint of color went from the scene and I became the interested spectator of a completely silent cinematograph film in three dimensions. At that moment a plume of black birds rose cawing into the sky; and the vision was gone. I joined the tattered pilgrims who were making for the ferry.

II

As I walked slowly towards the huge boat, another and a different crowd of travelers, drawn from the two rear wagons of our train, overtook me: silent and chilled, they shivered in white cotton robes that afforded them no protection from either the heat or the cold, to which they were unaccustomed. The majority had come from southern and central districts of India, where they had been recruited for work in the tea-gardens which lay to the northeast of us; and their long journeys were nearly over. Beyond the river an official encampment was waiting to receive them and to give them food and twenty-four hours' rest, before they were divided up and despatched to the estates which needed them.

Most of them stopped to clean their teeth in the river before going on board; and it was not difficult to classify and isolate the individually homogeneous groups. Almost the whole map of India was covered by those widely different faces, which roamed from the austere and classical Hindu features of sepia northerners to the hot chocolate faces of southern Tamils which had been poured from flat and clumsy moulds. But all the predominant characteristics were not confined to India: I saw Bantu noses beneath Chinese eyes, Burmese smiles, shy Nepalese grins, and, once, the golden glory of austere Javanese perfection. In what manner they had all become Indian and were now brought together on the banks of the Bramaputra was a nomadic mystery whose key lay somewhere in an early chapter of the unwritten history of human migration.

It was, however, not only by means of their various physiques that these grouped wanderers could be identified, for their characteristics were even more apparent to a casual observer, and the frontier between thrift and recklessness, rather than between riches and poverty, was drawn by the adornment standards of the women and little girls.

Many groups wore no jewelry at all, although nearly all the bodies that were stooping over the river had been prepared for carrying it, and, doubtless, had once done so. Ears were pierced, and into the stretched lobes of the poverty-stricken, rolls of paper had been inserted, whereas those of the more fortunate carried heavy pieces of carved gold that looked like sections cut from the complicated necklace of an idol. When the ears had been loaded to their fullest capacity, the burden was transferred to the ankles, around which heavy gyves of silver and gold, all of an exquisitely delicate workmanship, had been welded. The right leg of one woman at whom I stared was like a quoit-pin on which a champion had played: it was encased in metal to within an inch of her knee, and she had already made a creditable start towards covering the other leg; but when she moved, her sound was like that of a marching robot, metallic and unmelodious. Where the world depres-

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sion was most noticeable was in the number of pierced nostrils from which a jewel had gone.

I stood for some time staring at these fascinating people, whose shy and jocund smiles more than compensated me for the very proper disgust which I inspired in those of my companions who were standing on the deck above my head. It was not only that I was hatless in the morning breeze, believing that it was wise to sacrifice the pompous ritual of prestige to that transient benediction, but I was chewing betel leaf, and had a tongue the color of red flannel. I went on board, and, when I had made my way through the crowd that surged in the gloom of the lower deck, climbed the stairs to that portion of the ship which was reserved for first-class passengers.

I now became acutely aware that I was a pariah. A desiccated Englishwoman handed me a tract extolling the virtues of a Christian church, and she assured me that in the impeccable arms of Rome I should find comfort. But it was not comfort that I wanted; it was two fried eggs and a large pot of tea.

The Mohammedan restaurant keeper, who wore a black alpaca frock-coat buttoned tightly from his neck to his knees and looked more like Oswald Mosley than anything else, sent three servants to wait on me; but in spite of their attentions I enjoyed one of the most delicious breakfasts I have ever eaten.

Its pleasure was marred only by the shrill chatter of a half-caste family, who, like my compatriots, spoke almost entirely in that imbecile Volapük whose headquarters are in Hollywood and whose seductive co-educational schools litter every city of the world. The deck on which we all sat was not unlike the playground of a secondary school, an illusion due both to the conversation and antics of my adult fellows, one of whom was making paper darts out of napkins, and to the presence of an enormous silver shield nailed on to a bed of teak, which six of them were taking home. Painted across the foot of this plaque in bright yellow letters of no reputable font were the words *Si Vis Pacem Para Bellum;* from which I deduced that it was a rifle-shooting trophy. I was not wrong. Such monstrosities had broken out on the walls of my own school, and they, too, had been adorned with the fallacious motto in which these professional cherubim still managed to take pride.

My request that one of them should pass me the marmalade was ignored: I had been 'sent to Coventry.'

III

As I was finishing my breakfast, a powerful tug, lashed to our port side, moved us away from the wooden jetty; and we headed upstream. I took my tea and sat in a chaise longue, my face turned to the sun, which was already appreciably hotter. The mist was clearing rapidly; it moved like flat layers of steam being peeled off the sun's surface rather than by making an invisible disappearance governed by no apparent process or agent; for it was possible to see a layer move gently at first like a curling scroll, flicker in torn wisps, and finally dissolve hurriedly. Behind one layer other coatings still lay between sun and water, less thick each time and always at an increasing distance from my chair. The sunlight

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was narcotic, and as I sat gazing at that twisting river, each of whose curves was of so wide a circumference as to seem straight, I could have slept happily, had it not been for the exciting hum which rose at me from the lower deck.

I went downstairs to investigate. In the gloom of a space no bigger than that which was reserved for first-class passengers, the crowds were swaying in waves, first one way and then another, like the legs of a millipede, so that at length it seemed to me as though they had been drilled and were now responding to the sounds of an orchestra which, so far as I was concerned, was both inaudible and invisible. True, someone whom I could not see was playing a drum with his fists, but its rhythm had no relation to the movement of the crowd. At the foot of my stairs a number of brown manikins were playing dice, and although they were entirely oblivious of the crowds around them, they too were pulsating in time with the others, so that I could imagine them all to be a crowd of ghosts suddenly made manifest below my feet. In the hope that I should become aware of the inaudible sound, I waited, but my ears were not attuned to its pitch: I could only hear the thumping of the tug's reciprocating engines as we moved, almost crabwise, across the swift Bramaputra.

I did not go on deck again, but when we reached the far side, and were moored immediately below the railway station of Pandu, I mingled with the crowd and was swept ashore. A smart American car was waiting for me in the station-yard, sent by a kindly Englishman who guessed that even my domineering wish to travel was not always proof against the dingy opulence of Indian trains. Before climbing into it, I turned to look once at the far side of the river. It did not exist, for a wind from China had blown up dark banks of cloud which now concealed it. It seemed very remote. I should not have been surprised had someone then whispered to me that the river we had just crossed was not the Bramaputra at all, but was called Styx.

Cricket in the Colonies

A minor point, which many may consider a very major one, is that the handing back without reference to the resident population would not be in accordance with English principles of equity. . . . But we do not really know native opinion. After some careful propaganda it would appear to be worth the risk of taking a referendum throughout the country after making sure that it would go, overwhelmingly, in England's favor.

—From the *Uganda Guardian*, Uganda.

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LETTERS AND THE ARTS

Cunninghame Graham and W. H. Hudson

SHORTLY before his death at Buenos Aires last spring R. B. Cunninghame Graham paid a last visit to the Brazilian and Argentine prairies over which he had ridden as a 'gaucho' in the seventies and eighties. During that journey he saw for the first time the birthplace of W. H. Hudson, the 'House of the Twenty-Five Ombu Trees.' Hudson and Graham had been warm friends for many years, and in dedicating one of his books to him, the older man had said of the younger:—

> To my Friend,
> R. B. Cunninghame Graham
> ('*Singularissimo escritor ingles*')
> Who has lived with and knows even to the marrow, as they would themselves say, the horsemen of the Pampas and who alone of European writers has rendered something of the Vanishing Color of that remote life.

For Graham, who admired Hudson and his books enormously, this must have been a moving tribute, but few indeed who have read *The Conquest of New Granada* will think it an extravagant one.

Graham's visit to Hudson's birthplace was described by his companion, Dr. Fernando Pozzo, in the *Nacion* of Buenos Aires. In his article Dr. Pozzo included a Spanish translation of the letter which Graham dictated to his friend Morley Roberts during the visit. There appears below a translation of Pozzo's article, together with the original text of the letter, which Mr. Roberts has been good enough to send us. Of the Spanish words in it, *chacra* means an Indian hut, *mestizo* a horse of no blood or breeding, and *arroyo* a river or stream.

Of course one of the items in the program we had arranged for entertaining Don Roberto B. Cunninghame Graham was a visit to the 'Twenty Five Ombu Trees,' the house where, in 1841, William Henry Hudson was born. And we had planned to do so in the company of a large number of persons, believing that in this way we should be showing a greater appreciation for our illustrious guest.

Everything was agreed upon, including a native luncheon in one of the near-by ranches, and all had been discussed with him, although without as yet setting the date; but on the morning of Carnival Sunday Don Roberto made known to me his desire to go to see the house that very evening, and alone. I understood that it would be more interesting for him that way, and at four o'clock left for the place. It was neither very warm nor very sunny (the sun was covered up and hidden by great clouds, which threatened rain).

On our arrival we were received with great joy by the good natives who live on the ranch. They bade us enter the house so that Don Roberto might go over it. This he did with that attention for detail of which he was master, without letting anything escape his eyes, and we made a special inspection of the room in which William slept, where his sister used to keep a collection of stuffed birds, and which today is the kitchen of the ranch. This room is kept just as it was; but it is surely very much battered by the action of time.

There, on a rustic table, we examined the maps of the ancient district of Quilmes, which I had brought with me, one of 1839

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and another of 1875, and read some passages of Hudson in which he makes reference to his house.

Don Roberto was filled with emotion, and it occurred to him to send from there, on any kind of paper, a letter to Morley Roberts, who was an intimate friend and biographer of the author of *El Ombu*. It was a truly moving scene. The dark kitchen, its only light coming from a little window, and the *hidalgo*, with his well-kept white beard and his hat set on his head in a meditative attitude, seated on a rustic chair. I watched him, guessing at his thoughts. But suddenly he rose and, throwing his hat on the table with a gallant and careless gesture, passed his hand through his locks and began to dictate in English the letter which I have translated below. He dictated with great feeling and with tears in his eyes, without hesitation, and he would walk from time to time and look through the door and window without interrupting his dictation:—

The House of
the Twenty Five Ombus,
February 28.

My dear Morley:

I have made many pilgrimages in my life, to Rome, to Santiago de Compostella and other places well known to the whole world.

I have never been more impressed at any of these places than I am in this humble *rancho* with its wooden roof, its brick floors, its primitive doors and its air of aloofness from everything modern (*gracias a Dios*).

It can have altered little since our great and beloved friend passed his boyhood here. The same tall thistles grow in the plain that flows all about the house, just as the sea flows about an atoll in the Pacific, almost as if it were lapping at the foundations of the house.

The same flocks of birds, *tijeretas*, *viuditas*, *bien-te-veos*, and *horneros* still haunt the trees which have grown up in the deserted *chacra*.

The same stream, the same rivulet of which he writes in *El Ombu*, still runs between the house and the Monastery of Santo Domingo.

Little, I think, has altered. Nature, of course, is resuming her sway; but three remain of the twenty-five ombus.

All the plants that Hudson loved, fennel, evening primrose and the rest are here to mourn him.

There is a chestnut horse, unfortunately a *mestizo*, tied to a post in front of the house. It is, I think, waiting for Hudson to throw a sheepskin on its back and ride down to the *arroyo* to water it. You will understand; you are of the few who will understand in the way that the villagers in Cornwall understood when they cut upon the stone 'W. H. Hudson used to sit here.'

We knew, appreciated and loved him and I have breathed your salutations to his spirit silently.

Yours affect.,
R. B. Cunninghame Graham

P.S. The man who brought me here is Dr. Fernando Pozzo, of Quilmes, the greatest lover and prophet of Hudson in the New World. By his kindness and that of his wife I have been able to make the pilgrimage.

In a later letter, to Edward Garnett, dictated from his death bed, Graham repeated his description, and added:—

I sat down at a little table on the brick floor and wrote a letter to Morley Roberts as being Hudson's oldest friend. . . . If he does not publish it, ask him to let you see it. I was never more impressed by anything, and when I sat writing in that little room and thought that from such unlikely surroundings so great

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a genius had arisen, that nothing should be wanting, there was a chestnut horse tied to the posts of the house. . . . We sail for home on the 26th in the *Almeda Star*.

That ship bore back to England Graham's corpse.

Thomas Mann Speaks

FOR many months after Hitler's advent to power, Thomas Mann, in his voluntary Swiss exile, maintained a stony silence. At a time when many men felt obliged, sometimes against their nature, to protest against what was happening in Germany, Mann's silence seemed difficult to explain. It was suggested that the explanation might lie in the fact that, although he belongs to the world, he is also a German writer whose roots go deep down into the soil of his native land. But those who knew him and his work realized that he was bound to abhor everything that the Germany of today holds in esteem, and that, as one of the world's foremost representatives of universal humanism, he could not fail, sooner or later, to take his stand against the Nazi ideals.

Recently the expected declaration came. As the result of a discussion in the Swiss newspaper the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* Thomas Mann made his position clear beyond all possible doubt when he said: 'The deep conviction that nothing good for Germany or the world can come out of the present German régime has made me avoid the country in whose spiritual tradition I am more deeply rooted than are those who for three years have been trying to find courage enough to declare before the world that I am not a German.' This declaration was renewed and reëmphasized in a short speech which Mann delivered to the convention of the Society for Intellectual Coöperation held in Budapest a few weeks ago. We are here publishing our translation of this speech as Mann belatedly reconstructed it for the *Pester Lloyd:*—

Ladies and Gentlemen!

The English speech to which we have all just listened with pleasure and profit carries with it a special satisfaction for me personally insofar as it softens somewhat the unreasonable demand which I make of you in using my own language. I do this not merely to enrich the linguistic gamut of our discussion—there is a deeper and more serious reason. Under the present circumstances it seems to me to be lacking neither in irony nor in pathos that I, a German, should, in the German language, make the confession for which I have taken the floor: the confession of my conviction that *Christianity* and *Mediterranean Antiquity* are and will remain the two pillars of occidental morality. The conviction, moreover, that whatsoever nation should decide to renounce and deny one of these pillars (for one cannot be renounced without giving up the other)—that nation would cut itself off from the cultural and moral community of European nations. It is this conviction, ladies and gentlemen, which, as a German, I purposely express in the German language. On our membership list my name is followed by the word *Allemagne*—Germany. Beyond doubt this refers to the Germany which professes this truth and holds to it, and for which I have the honor to speak here.

The concept of humanism includes these two decisive and integral experiences of European man. This means that this concept must not be taken in too philological a sense, as too much a matter of scholarliness and learning. I think of my own life, my own childhood, which I spent in a trading city of northern Germany, where little was known and understood of humanism, and I remember an old volume

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which stood in my parents' bookcase and which dealt with Græco-Roman mythology. This book was my favorite childhood reading. I knew by heart whole pages of the German hexameter translations from Homer and Vergil which it contained. I could rattle off the love affairs and battles of Zeus, and my passionate preoccupation with the Olympians and their protégés on earth took the place of the Wild West stories which were preferred by my more robust contemporaries.

I did not know that what I did and what delighted me was humanism, but beyond doubt it expressed a tendency of my character, a predilection which gained manifest form during my later life, in my work as a writer. It is not that I became a humanist in the narrower and more learnèd sense. The school I attended taught Latin but not Greek. But it seems to me that that does not mean much. Schiller did not know Greek, yet in his poems he conjured up the whole magic of the Greek world with the most vivid intuition and intimacy. Frederic the Great read the old writers in French translations, since French happened to be the language in which his intellectual life was led.

Once again: humanism is not mere philology. Today it is especially advisable, indeed needful, to define it differently. Perhaps it is best and most simply conceived of as the *opposite of fanaticism* as such. It is nothing scholastic and has no immediate contact with learnedness. Rather, humanism is an *attitude*, a spiritual constitution, a human mood having for its object justice, freedom, knowledge, tolerance, mildness and serenity; also *doubt*—not for its own sake but as a seeking after truth, a loving care for it, standing higher than any arrogance of truth-owners. Such an attitude and mood is rightly called 'humanism' because it is the *spiritual* attitude *par excellence*, the attitude *of the spirit*, borne up by pride over the spirit of man and directed toward that which distinguishes man from the rest of creation, which brings him much sorrow but also the highest joy—sorrow and joy that have found great and lovable adherents who were ready heroically to back the honor of man's spirit, and to bear witness for it unto death.

Perhaps, ladies and gentlemen, we may desire that there were apparent in the world today more of this heroic preparedness than actually seems still to exist. What is needed today is a *militant* humanism, full of the realization that the principle of freedom, of tolerance and of doubt must not allow itself to be exploited and run down by a fanaticism which is *without* shame and *without* doubt; full of the realization that has not merely the right but the duty to *defend* itself. Europe is a concept closely and inseparably linked with the humanistic idea. Europe will exist only if humanism discovers its virility and acts according to the recognition that freedom must not become a blank check for its own enemies and murderers.

This, in brief, is what I was eager to say, and what to say in this hour and in this place seemed to me important. In speaking of humanism we speak of Europe's foundation, its spiritual conditions of life. That is why it seemed to me necessary to speak of the alliance which, with masculine determination, the inherent goodness of all humanism must conclude in order that Europe may live.

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AS OTHERS SEE US

America is Waking Up

HAROLD J. LASKI is one of England's leading scholars, and one of her most brilliant political commentators. Professor of political science at the University of London, author of numerous books, and a prolific contributor to liberal and Left wing journals, he has done as much as any Englishman living to formulate and clarify the ideas and the goals of present-day British socialism. A short time ago he paid one of his periodic visits to the United States, lecturing at the New School for Social Research and observing, with his keen eyes, the political scene these pre-election days present. Upon his return to London he contributed the following article to the *Daily Herald*, the Labor Party's daily newspaper:—

America remains, after Soviet Russia, the most exhilarating country in the world. It is a whirlpool of ideas. It has a receptivity to experiment, a passion for discussion, the intensity of which is literally bewildering. No one, I think, can say in what direction it is moving with any certitude. But that its pattern of life is changing at a speed greater than at any previous period is, I think, equally undeniable.

The crisis has left changes of profound significance. The traditional belief in the leadership of business men has been rudely shaken. The conservatism of the universities has been greatly modified; even at places like Harvard and Yale intellectual leadership is in the hands of 'radical' undergraduates. The emphatic note of all significant American literature is one of protest; there is not today in American letters a single figure of any real importance on the conservative side. There is an awakening of labor to political consciousness, slow, indeed, but in a new way profound. There is even a good deal of heart-searching among the religious denominations; the emergence of radical theologians like Professor Niebuhr and Professor Harry Ward is as important as the wide respect in which they are held. There is a new zest among the younger generation for public service; Government work as an official has a new prestige value. There is a new sense of the State, a recognition that the old way of *laissez-faire* is decisively over.

One constantly has the impression in the United States that its temper is like nothing so much as that of France in the generation before 1789. Doubt of all accepted values, eager exploration of novelty, a general atmosphere of insecurity, the widespread sense that great events are in the making—these are universal. Something new is being made. The one thing we do not know is the nature of the new thing.

We do not know because, above all, those in America who have learned least from the crisis are its business men and the corporation lawyers who are their dependents. They are the Bourbons of contemporary America. Frightened out of their wits in 1933, now that profits are being earned again, their one anxiety is the repression of disturbing ideas. They are terrified even by the mild liberalism of the President. They are angry at any hint of radicalism from a university teacher. They even believe that the New Deal is, as one eminent professor put it, ten out of the twelve points of the Communist Manifesto. They have no program to meet the problems of the new time. They hate the trade unions. The militancy of the farmer disturbs them greatly. One

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sound thing in America seems to them the immovable conservatism of the Supreme Court. They are beginning to find democracy a very dubious inheritance now that democracy is beginning to think in economic terms.

The intellectuals, the mass of the workers outside the old craft trade unions, the bulk of youth, a growing section of the professional classes, not least of them the teachers, are aware that liberal America, the fabled land of opportunity, is in grave danger if big business regains its power. The great farming interest has revived its claim to a place in the sun; if its outlook is, largely, that of the Russian kulak, at least it is no longer prepared for subservience to the manufacturer.

There is not, I think, any great increase in a steadfast adherence to Left opinion. But there is a deeper interest in Left opinion, a more constant sense of the importance of its thinking, than at any time in the history of the United States.

That is not to say that the Left is going to win. Big business in America is very conscious of its power. It is more willing than any similar class in Europe to exhaust all its energy and its ingenuity to maintain it. Its latent Fascist temper is intense; and the vast army of unemployed is a fertile soil for Fascist ideas. Big business will propagandize without limit. It will use hatred of the foreigner, the pervasive anti-Semitism, the unexplored, and largely ignorant, fears of Russia, its power to corrupt state and municipal government and the lower courts of law to have its way. The Left will have to learn something of the relentless ability never to relax that the Right displays if it is to make its due impression on bewildered America. For though dissatisfaction is widespread, it has not yet found its appropriate ideology; the fight to utilize this dissatisfaction is the great struggle of the immediate years.

And in the America of a half-hundred nationalities, a press in which the influence of Hearst is vital, in which the cultural lag is immense, in which, also, the disrespect for all political institutions save the Supreme Court grows, for progressive ideas to conquer means an immense effort. The appeal of what Mr. Wells calls the 'raucous voices,' Dr. Townsend, Father Coughlin, and a score of lesser men, to the angry, the disappointed, the half-educated is an important one. Their link with big business is no more apparent to the multitude in America than was Hitler's to big business in Germany, or Mussolini's in Italy. The inability of the craft unions to see, as John Lewis of the Miners has come to see, that the future lies in organizing the semi-skilled, and in founding a Labor Party, gives the forces of American reaction a vital advantage. The Left could win if they could organize the forces at their disposal. It is not yet clear that they realize how important is their unification while there is yet time.

Notable, too, is the growing isolationism of America, the more notable since the President is more sympathetic in understanding of Europe than any of his predecessors in a generation. But we are paying a heavy price for our weakness in Manchuria, our failure to use the League as it might have been used to protect Abyssinia. Americans increasingly believe that Europe's interest in them is purely selfish. They are appalled at its inability to put its house in order.

More, almost, than anything else, they want ways and means to avoid being involved in our quarrels as in 1917. And a vital factor in that attitude has been the policy of the 'National' Government. And that at a period when, naturally enough, her own preoccupation with herself is, by reason of the magnitude of her problems, profound. It is realized that the old equilibrium has gone; the price of searching for the new is, on any showing, heavy.

It is not really a matter for wonder if an America gravely stricken is hurt and angry at Europe's inability to understand her. I take one instance only: the handling

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of the debt problem by Mr. Neville Chamberlain. The cold contempt for America his utterances on that issue contained will take long to repair. America is sensitive and proud. To win her friendship needs a sympathy and an understanding of which men devoid, like Mr. Chamberlain, of imagination are incapable.

There is a new America in the making, even though its contours are undetermined. If liberal America triumphs, it will make a new and fundamental contribution to our common civilization; for the elements are there of a great renaissance of the human spirit. But its victory has still to be won, while its defeat might open a grim and ugly chapter in the history of mankind.

Faulkner, Soldati and America

GIORGIO LOVATI, the literary critic of the Italian émigré newspaper *Giustizia e Libertà*, gives his opinion of Hemingway, Dos Passos and Faulkner, and concludes with a review of a new book about us:—

Geographically speaking the United States belongs to an autonomous continent completely separate from that of Europe. In economic and political matters also the United States and Europe are utterly different; but this is not the case with literature, nor altogether so in their everyday life. India, Persia, China, Japan or Africa—all these come under the heading of separate continents, with their own physical and moral attributes; only America has succeeded in grafting herself and all her characteristic qualities onto the literary life of Europe. In the past century American letters have had some first class authors, such as the novelist Hawthorne (author of *The Scarlet Letter*), Melville, and others. But all of them were the direct heirs of the English literary tradition.

All this, one would say, is of the past; what of today? Today, when America is striving more and more to free herself from the old and outworn European tradition, when she has succeeded in winning a Nobel prize and has won the admiration of Europe, not only for Sinclair Lewis, but for a number of other young authors, such as Hemingway, Dos Passos and Faulkner? Matters stand today much as they did twenty, forty and even sixty years ago. Hemingway is a talented writer, but, taken as a whole, his work contains nothing particularly original. The type of American who, wearied and disgusted with over-mechanized New York life and equally repelled by money making, seeks an antidote in the less highly developed countries of Europe, there to live on the shores of the Mediterranean as a peaceful revolutionary (or, if you prefer, an intellectual anarchist), this type has certainly become classic. Hemingway represents this in literature; he sees the horror of American metropolitan life; but his protest is limited to exalting Spanish bull fights and to depicting elementary passions of the Cavalleria Rusticana brand.

The case of John Dos Passos is more complicated. Like the better part of American writers he, too, is a rebel, an objector, who cannot accept American society today. Moulded by the influence of the post-War moral upheaval, he has been gradually verging more and more toward Communism. Having been translated into Russian and German, he is now considered by many a great writer and innovator. Without wishing to detract from the merits of Dos Passos and of his successful renditions of the chaotic and inhuman New York life, we must nevertheless observe that his adherence to Marxism is not in itself sufficient to make a great novelist of him. Dos Passos' novels, seen at close range, are of that purely naturalistic stamp which is destined to evoke enthusiastic cries of 'socialist realism, and romantic revolutionary.' What actually is lacking is originality. Dos Passos' only innovation is the application of the moving picture technique to the

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novel. Instead of a long-drawn-out narrative we have a choppy rhythm, a series of brief and constantly interrupted shots which invest his events with a sense of the present and with the feverish rhythm of American life. If applied with some moderation, this method at first proves striking and interesting, but repeated and exaggerated it becomes tiring and mechanical. Thus after five or six books John Dos Passos seems to be, instead of an innovator, the successor of European revolutionary realism, of the French naturalists, of Gorki, the Soviet writers and even the post-War German novelists.

Not so Faulkner. Here, indeed, we find a truly personal note, an uncommonly poetic and evocative talent, together with a non-dogmatic but profoundly felt accent of revolt against a civilization whose excesses tend to reduce the human element if not to abolish it altogether. Faulkner is not a realist of the Sinclair Lewis type; he does not attempt to portray his characters faithfully down to the last detail. In his novels one cannot therefore expect an exact reconstitution of American life. But nevertheless in *Sanctuary* and in *Light in August* he has recaptured its spirit and flavor as has been done in no other novel today. Faulkner's books have been called a gallery of horrors, but what is more horrible than a life oppressed and dominated solely by Puritanism and money-grubbing? What could actually be more monstrous than a society which has abolished all other values, bowing only to the power of wealth, according to it absolute predominance in every field, and, at the same time, concealing it under a cloak of morality, the better to impose it on others?

Certainly it is the excesses and excrescences of this society that one finds in Faulkner's books, rather than the normal types; they are transported into a burdened, unreal atmosphere peculiar to the poetic genius of the author. But in spite of this poetic transformation, in spite of being such personal reactions and in no way preoccupied with a collective interpretation, Faulkner's novels are nevertheless characteristic and significant pictures of post-War America. Without the colorless desolation of the Middle West, without its immense, uniform metropolises, without America's chill, rigorous Puritanical morality, together with the cruelty of a capitalistic system which recognizes only money, Faulkner could never have written either *Sanctuary* or *Light in August*, and his despairing cry of revolt would never have been uttered. All this does not exclude the fact that he was moulded by the European classics, especially by Russian and English literature. But one point must be insisted upon: America has deformed all of Faulkner's qualities and defects (as it does everything else) out of all recognition, and to the exasperation of the reader. Feelings and passions, men and events differ from our own only in the fact that they are carried to monstrous extremes.

We again find this inhuman character of America in the recently published *America, My First Love*, by Mario Soldati (Florence: Bemporad). Having gone to America in his early youth as a student and having remained there for a number of years, he has come to know America as only one who has lived, worked and suffered there can know it. Of course this is, if you wish, a very limited and personal book. It is not America as a whole, for it lacks many aspects which would round out the picture; but to make up for this, what liveliness and spontaneity, what sincerity to life and himself! Soldati, who felt oppressed by all the artificial, mechanical and cynically cruel aspects of American daily life, and who yearned for his faraway Europe, is now settled there and in turn feels homesickness for the America which he both loves and hates. He longs for that America which, in spite of its artificial, modern aberrations, is in reality so profound and so sad, so close to us in its sufferings, its need of liberty, truth and justice.

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BOOKS ABROAD

The Truth About Russia

I Search for Truth in Russia. *By Sir Walter Citrine. London: Routledge. 1936.*
Moscow Admits a Critic. *By Sir Bernard Pares. London: Nelson. 1936.*

(Wickham Steed in the *Observer*, London)

HERE are two books upon Soviet Russia by two truthful Englishmen each of whom is a competent observer in a special sphere. Sir Walter Citrine is General Secretary of the Trades Union Congress and President of the International Federation of Trade Unions. He is also a Socialist. Sir Bernard Pares is not only not a Socialist, but has for many years been an unsparing critic of Bolshevist Russia. His sympathies and associations have been, and perhaps are, with the Russian Constitutional Democrats, whom the Bolshevists loathed, persecuted, and drove into exile.

Ten years ago Sir Walter Citrine first went to Russia in the company of one of his trade union colleagues. Thereafter he tried to keep in touch with what was going on there. His admiration had been aroused by the efforts of the Soviet Government to improve the lot of the people, but, he says: 'I had been profoundly disturbed by the curtailment of personal liberty and the complete suppression of independent political criticism. My pride in the achievements of the Soviet had been tempered by the recollection that these had been obtained in many cases at a great cost in human suffering.'

Nevertheless, or therefore, he was invited to go again last autumn to observe things for himself. It was understood that no restriction was to be placed on his freedom of movement, and that he should see the worst as well as the best. He knew that, even thus, he 'could do little else than skim the surface' in a country 6,000 miles across with a population of 175 millions. Besides, he spoke little or no Russian and had to rely upon interpreters.

Sir Bernard Pares did not labor under linguistic disability. He has studied Russia all his life. He knows her language, her people, and her history. For ten years before the War he spent some months annually in the country and, during the War, served as a British 'observer' with the Russian Army. In 1907 he started the School of Russian Studies in Liverpool University. Since the War, he and Professor Seton-Watson have founded and developed the School of Slavonic Studies in London University. The School has kept a record of all the chief acts of Soviet legislation. He would have been glad to return to Russia earlier, but his application for a visa was refused in 1931. What he calls his 'criminal past' stood in the way.

In January, 1933, Hitler came into power in Germany with a policy designed to raise the number of Germans in Europe to 250 millions within the next century. In his book, *Mein Kampf*, now the political bible of Germany, Hitler writes:—

'When we are talking of more ground and room (for Germans) in Europe, we can in the first place think only of Russia and the border States dependent on her. . . . The gigantic empire in the east is ripe for collapse, and the end of the Jewish domination in Russia will also be the end of the Russian State itself.'

At Easter, 1935, Sir Bernard Pares put a hard question to his anti-Bolshevist Russian friends in Paris. It ran: 'Which do you like best or least: that Hitler should make a successful invasion of Russia, or that the Soviet Government should succeed in defending it?' All the more reasonable anti-Bolshevists, including Milyukov and Kerenski, preferred that the Soviet Government should succeed in defending their country.

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In 1934 and 1935 the University teachers of Russian in British Universities were anxious that educational relations should be renewed between the two countries. Sir Bernard Pares again applied for a visa to visit Russia for this purpose. It was granted last September. For it he expresses his gratitude to Adolf Hitler.

Sir Walter Citrine landed at Leningrad, went on to Moscow, eastward to Gorki, then south to Kharkov and Dnieprogas, and southeast to the shore of the Caspian. Sir Bernard Pares had time only to see Moscow and its neighborhood. Both were interested in social and political conditions, and both were free, or fairly free, to make what enquiries they thought fit. If I had to sum up their conclusions I should say that Sir Walter, as a Socialist, found that things might be a good deal better than they are, while Sir Bernard, as an educationist, found that they were much better than he expected.

I HAVE read these two books with especial care because I hoped to find in them the beginnings of an answer to a question of some importance. It is whether Bolshevism or Communism has changed the outlook and the spirit of the Russian people. Are the Russians more of a national unit than they were under Tsarism?

Some ten years ago Professor Karlgren, a Swede, who holds, or held, the Slavonic Chair at the University of Copenhagen, and who possessed the indispensable qualifications of having lived long in pre-War Russia and of speaking their language like a native, wrote an illuminating book upon his travels and experiences in Soviet Russia. He found the people changed. He thought them brusque and unfriendly, irritable and quarrelsome, oppressed by a general feeling of discomfort, which was not entirely or even chiefly due to unhappiness under Bolshevism. During the decade between 1915 and 1925 the Russian people, he thought, had gone through suffering severe enough to destroy any national nervous system. Yet he saw that a pious, childlike faith in the gospel of Bolshevism was supporting great numbers of the artisan class amid hardships and disappointments, though the peasantry was then sullen and hostile. He thought it all an illusion, but said:—

'Illusions, too, have their value. As regards the artisan class, it is plain what this illusion has meant for them. The whole type of Russian workman has undergone a metamorphosis; since the revolution he has perceptibly straightened his back and raised his head; the crouching trait in his character and his browbeaten manner—the inheritance from the time of serfdom—have disappeared; he has acquired a greater feeling of human dignity, a feeling which certainly may, at times, swell beyond due proportions, but which, taken as a whole, is all to the good. . . . The illusion which, in this way, has managed to add an inch to the workingman's spiritual growth still holds him firmly under its spell and, in some degree, helps to reconcile him to his rôle of dumb supernumerary.'

This adding of an inch to the Russian artisan's spiritual stature seemed to Professor Karlgren almost the only credit item which he could set against the debit items in the proletariat's balance sheet ten years ago. Today both Sir Walter Citrine and Sir Bernard Pares enter other items on the credit side; though Sir Walter, who constantly and, perhaps, a little unfairly, takes British standards of comparison with things Russian, finds that much, very much, remains to be done before the Soviet economy can merit unstinted praise. Housing and factory arrangements, even in the newer buildings, still leave a good deal to be desired. Politically and socially he sees that to be a member of the Communist Party is to belong to the ruling class; and, from what he saw, there has not yet been any material relaxation of the Communist dictatorship. Although there are symptoms of change, it may remain substantially unaltered for many years yet. He adds:—

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'One is justified in doubting whether the Communists are really sincere in their defense of democracy for itself. Certainly they dislike capitalism as much as the Socialists do. But they scorn the idea of a peaceful transition to Socialism. They want to make the change by forcible revolution. There is a wide difference between the two movements in that respect.

'They want to avoid war most assuredly. But whereas we believe in peace for itself, they despise and denounce pacifism. Their policy of violent revolution must lead to civil war and bloodshed. We can see very little difference between this and any other sort of war.'

Nor is there in the Communist Party, Sir Walter Citrine feels, any real freedom of criticism. No Communist dare argue independently, or criticize his leaders or their policy. To argue with a Russian Communist is to argue with a gramophone record of Stalin. He is not opposed to the general economic methods of the Soviet system, despite defects which he thinks will gradually be remedied. He says:—

'No, it is certainly not the economic methods which repel me. But I had the uneasy feeling that the workers are simply cogs in the Soviet machinery. I couldn't prove this to satisfy a jury. But that there is coercion I have not the slightest doubt. I did not find that they had any more or even as much freedom of expression as we have in Britain. The worker is nominally the master. In practice he does exactly what he is told to do. He cannot possibly fight the State, or the Trade Unions, or the Factory Committee, or the Communist nucleus. Right from his infancy his thinking is controlled. This is still done to an extent which capitalism never has succeeded in doing.'

SIR BERNARD PARES sees things in a somewhat brighter light; and, in view of his great experience, his impressions must carry weight. Though his business was with education—in which he was glad to find that history and other subjects are now being taught with a sense of perspective and not solely from the Communist angle—he is convinced that Soviet planning has 'won all along the line.' He writes also:—

'In contrast with Russia of the past I could not fail to notice a new and much more purposeful look on the faces, not only of those in some position of authority, but of the ordinary inhabitants. That is something which one only too often missed in the past.' And several times he felt that satisfaction at the success of constructive endeavor was moving the theoretical and aggressive articles of Communist party belief into the background. Always taking up and discussing each question that presented itself, he found that the orthodox Communist answers were a trifle half-hearted, 'almost as if a clever young curate were saying to me: "But I must remind you that I have signed the Thirty-Nine Articles of Religion."'

Sir Bernard Pares, like other observers who know the language, is persuaded that Russian Communism is evolving, and that change is likely to be continuous. He believes there are common interests between Soviet Russia and Great Britain, one of which is the common desire to maintain international security against war. He thinks that the spirit of Russia will presently prevail over the spirit of pedantic Communism, and says:—

'More and more, as my stay continued, the thing which stood out was Russia and the Russians, which were always there and always will be; and U.S.S.R., with its principles and its policy and its press, seem to me something not essential, though not necessarily discordant, which was placed, so to speak, on the surface. This was the first and last thought of my visit.'

To sum up: there is something new in Russia, something not necessarily menacing or bad. Everybody who cares to appraise this something should read both these books. Indeed, to read them is al-

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most a duty at a moment when the unknown weight and strength of Soviet Russia may be a principal element of such relative stability as exists in an unstable world.

Germany's Zero Hour

Der Marsch durch Zwei Jahrzehnte. *By Theodor Wolff. Amsterdam: Allert de Lange. 1936.*

(Kurt Hiller in the *Neue Weltbühne*, Prague)

SOME have a future, and others a past. Only in a rather limited sense does this difference separate the generations. What really are 'generations'? Where does the one end and the other begin? Freud, at eighty, is, even in his latest thinking and writing, just as much of the future as that youth who ventured to print the following remark about him is of the past: 'A great scientist who has not grasped life, though in his field of research . . .' One can be very old and at the same time young, very young and at the same time old. This is, by the way, a matter of course; it is merely necessary to mention it from time to time because, like other matters of course, it happens to be sometimes forgotten.

Things are too complex to be unraveled by the simple means of an antithesis. A man like Theodor Wolff, for instance—is there a future in store for him, or has he only a past? Is he 'old' or is he 'young'? If we look at his new book, *March through Two Decades*, the skill of this septuagenarian appears fresh, vigorous, spontaneous and charming to such an extent that one can speak of youth and nothing but youth —from the artistic angle. How this portraitist sketches a man with a few strokes, making him come alive to the last detail and peculiarity! How these Bülows, Bethmanns, Michaelises, Hertlings, Prince Maxes, these Monts, Ludendorffs, Ballins, Brockdorff-Rantzaus, Otto Brauns live—really live—at the touch of the magic wand of his incomparable art of depiction! The connoisseur in us rejoices; he who fails to admire is a Zulu—or envious; he who is not (secretly) envious is not quite honest; the artistic greatness of Theodor Wolff's writing talent is not disputed by experts; it is classified as established, an objective fact.

There are, however, other aspects besides the artistic, and—although we do not wish to belittle, we are, after all, young—we do not grant art the first place under any circumstances. Not the artistic talent determines the rank of an author, but the cause which he serves. Better to serve a strong cause weakly than a weak one with strength. Theodor Wolff serves a minor cause: that of the honorable European bourgeois national democracy. He serves it with a strength which one cannot admire without wanting to see it applied to younger, stronger, more enthusiastic, 'righter' hopes for the future.

This does not imply that his book makes propaganda for obsolete ideals; but they are its foundation; it shelters them; it is on them that it feeds. For the rest it is reminiscent, narrative history—memories, personal-objective memoirs, exceedingly interesting to the curious, to the lover of the past; for Wolff (who for more than a quarter of a century was the editor-in-chief of the *Berliner Tageblatt*, and, during his incumbency, made it the best newspaper in Germany) has been acquainted with nearly all the historically important personalities whom he describes. He has seen them, conversed with them, corresponded with them intimately for years. Of this correspondence he here exhibits very delicate samples. He marched through these decades closer to the edge of events than the majority of writers, but nevertheless with remarkable inner aloofness from them. The reader does not learn anything particularly new. But some things he does learn: about the foundation of the Democratic Party, for instance, with the participation of the director of the National bank, Dr. Hjalmar Schacht, and his 'Young Liberals,' who, however,

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did not 'pledge allegiance to the Republic,' but merely 'acknowledged' it. This was the reason why the founding proclamation of November 14, 1918, hedged: 'We take our stand on the ground of the republican form of government.'

WOLFF tells of the occupation of the Mosse House by Adolf Hoffman and later by the Spartacists, about the negotiations at Weimar in that tragic June week before the decision to sign the Versailles text was taken. Apart from the Right, the democratic pacifists, the majority of the other democrats, and the Communists (who were not represented in the National Convention) were unconditionally against the signing; the Socialists of the Right were originally against it too; while Erzberger, Harden and the Independent group were the advocates of submission. It is very interesting to learn from Wolff that in the decisive Cabinet session the first Social Democrat to give in and advocate signing was Mr. Noske. Wolff rightly retains the point of view which he held at that time, namely, that the signing should not have taken place; he does not add, but we add it, that this was one of the many mistakes of the Republic on which the vultures of nationalist reaction fed and grew strong.

One could pick other raisins out of this pie, which is beautifully baked, but which fails to please our palate, like certain dishes offered to explorers, which exotic hosts believe to be especially delicious and with which they want to honor the guest. Fundamentally the things which Wolff reports do not concern us who look toward the future. Ninety-five per cent of the people and things he recalls so spiritedly interest us out of mere curiosity. There is a complex of problems we are struggling to solve, we who in exile work for our Germany, just as our wonderful comrades are struggling inside. Wolff's stories do not even touch upon these problems. They tickle the palates of reminiscent bourgeois and ex-big-shots of the same type as those they treat of; they do not strengthen and support us. They are delicacies for pleasure, but without food value. Whoever wants to acquire skill may learn from this prose; but the subject matter does not lead us one inch further. I love Wolff the artist and shall never stop loving him; for instance, when he says about Clemenceau: 'His was the art of forming sentences in such a way that they became monumental, seemed to contain something definite, conclusive, and, in their conciseness, had the breadth of a grandiose gesture, like verses from Corneille.' Or about the pious-subaltern caricature of a Chancellor, Michaelis, who claimed that 'decisions could come from the facts only:' 'He was a dentist, telling the patient with the bandaged jaw that toothaches had to develop naturally and that their duration was determined not by medical art but by the diseased nerve.'

All this is unequaled in expression, and it does not merely show the connoisseur and the artist, but also the congenial, deeply spiritually-minded person—but all the same he does not contribute to what is our cause, to the future we are building. He tells us of the past and spices it with wisdom; otherwise he tells us nothing; he belongs to the past. This has to be said. Stronger than our love for one of the seven living men who can write German is and remains our duty to the cause.

Englishmen Looking at Us

The American Ideal. *By Arthur Bryant. London: Longmans Green. 1936.*

(Edward Shanks in the *Sunday Times*, London)

'ENGLISHMEN,' says Mr. Bryant, 'to their loss are not taught the history of the United States, though they have more to learn from it than from that of any other country.' The second half of this statement appears to me to be rather sweeping. But it would be hard indeed to argue against the opinion that Englishmen ought to know a great deal more about

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American history than they do. Mr. Bryant uses all his powers of persuasion and all his delicacy of biographical discrimination to make the British public interested in the American story. It is ungracious in criticizing such a book to complain of the author's choice of subject. As with an anthology, so with a volume of this kind, not a reader having even a slight knowledge of the territory covered but would make at least a slightly different choice. At the same time, without complaining I may indicate some points of difference.

Mr. Bryant would, I think, have done well to throw an occasional shadow across his work. The American ideal, if I understand him correctly, springs from a 'passionate love of individual liberty.' But the moral of the story told by Rupert Brooke remains as good as it was twenty-odd years ago. Brooke was looking at the Statue of Liberty as his liner approached New York, when an elderly American put a hand on his arm and said: 'Young man, do you know what that represents?' 'Liberty, doesn't it?' Brooke replied. 'Yes—take a good look at it, for it's the last of liberty you'll see until you come out of America this way again.'

Brooke's friend spoke bitterly. But it is true that America's devotion to liberty has often covered a toleration of liberty for the strong to oppress the weak, and for the community to oppress the individual. Mr. Bryant might, I think, with advantage have shown us something of the powers which have fought, and which still fight, against the realization of the American ideal. He might, that is to say, have provided his book with a villain or two.

He could have found room for them by omitting his charming study of Walter Page. Page was a typical American up to a point: he represented, almost too well, those Americans who come to England to curse and remain to bless. He began by being shocked by the servility of the English lower classes and by saying 'In this aquarium in which we live (it rains every day) they have only three vegetables, and two of them are cabbages.' He ended, so far as Mr. Bryant's quotations go, with 'I was at a dinner of old Peers at the Athenæum Club,' and a story of how they all met an external disturbance with 'Damn the air-raid. Pass the port.'

Like other Americans before and after him, Page fell in love with England. But not all Americans are even exposed to that temptation. It is doubtful whether Page's activities during the War did not do as much harm as good to England's cause in America, since he was dealing with a President who had not fallen under the spell and who had to deal with a people largely ignorant that such a spell could be cast. Probably Page's best work for international understanding was done in the Panama Canal dispute, which Mr. Bryant does not mention, before his Anglophilism was as intense as it later became.

VERY rightly Mr. Bryant chooses poets as well as statesmen to exemplify the American ideal. But the choice of Alan Seeger, like that of Walter Page, does seem to me to lead aside from the main theme. Seeger was a young man of great promise and talent, who joined the Foreign Legion in 1914 and was killed in an attack on July 4, 1916. He thus entered the War before the bulk of his countrymen, but he made his entry into it for reasons different from theirs. He said of himself and his friends: 'They are foreigners on whom the outbreak of war laid no formal compulsion. But they had stood on the Butte in springtime perhaps, as Julian and Louise stood, and looked out over the myriad twinkling lights of the beautiful city . . . Without renouncing their nationality, they had yet chosen to make their homes here beyond any other city in the world. Did not the benefits and blessings they had received point them a duty that heart and conscience could not deny?'

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That is a chivalrous attitude, and as easily defended as admired. But it has hardly any relevance to the feeling which in 1917 and 1918 made America wheel into her place in the line with such astonishing energy and singleness of purpose.

If we want to understand that feeling, we must not look at the handful of Americans who went abroad and discovered there a culture which enchanted them. We must look rather at those Americans of German origin who had not forgotten in the New World the heritage of language, of poetry and music, which their fathers had brought with them from the Old World, but who nevertheless fought for the American ideal when it seemed to be assailed by the land of their fathers. I could wish that for Seeger Mr. Bryant had substituted Mr. Robert Frost (who is, incidentally, a far better poet) as an example of a writer who has both carried on and refreshed an old English tradition in a totally different environment, quite naturally and without ever bothering himself about tradition at all.

Mr. Bryant's other two poets, Whitman and Nicholas Vachel Lindsay, are more to the point. So far as poets go, here is the highest possible expression of the American ideal. They are eternal and invincible protestants against the shadow which lies across it, and if Mr. Bryant does ignore the existence of that shadow, he gives us an excellent picture of the forces which prevent it from becoming an Egyptian darkness. And he gives us also a picture no less excellent of the man whom I find myself tempted to call the third great *American* poet. (Not 'American great poet,' since in that contest Poe would unmercifully elbow Lindsay out of the way.)

The third is Abraham Lincoln. Mr. Bryant has displayed the virtue of self-restraint to a degree that is almost incredible. He has written more than fifty pages on Lincoln, and he has not quoted the Gettysburg Address. I admire his restraint while regretting it. Is it possible to hear or read the Gettysburg Address too often? It is one of the greatest poems in the English language. It is followed, among the greatest poems in the language, by Whitman's *When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd*. Is there anywhere a parallel to that save Keats's *Nightingale* and Shelley's *Adonais?* The parallel is not exact, for Whitman understood Lincoln better than Shelley did Keats.

But if Mr. Bryant does not quote the composition which proves Lincoln to have been the greatest American poet before Whitman, he does indicate very tellingly his opinion that Lincoln was essentially poetical! And he quotes passages proving that as a humorist he anticipated Mark Twain and excelled Artemus Ward, whom he so much loved to quote. Lincoln was an opponent of a soldier whom it was sought to set up as a Presidential candidate, and he said: 'Speaking of General Cass's career reminds me of my own. I was not at Stillman's defeat, but I was about as near to it as Cass was to Hull's surrender, and, like him, I saw the place very soon afterwards. It is quite certain I did not break my sword, for I had none to break; but I bent a musket pretty badly on one occasion. If Cass broke his sword, the idea is he broke it in desperation; I bent the musket by accident.'

There are moments when one feels that there never was a ruler of men, with the possible exceptions of Julius Cæsar and the Emperor Frederick II, more happily, more winningly, more variously gifted than the shambling, awkward man from the West who, on his inauguration as President, 'did not know what to do with his hat and his stick, both brand new and very large and produced by his wife to lend distinction to the occasion.'

The best part of Mr. Bryant's book emerges as a colossal figure of Lincoln with Whitman on his right hand and Lindsay on his left and, perhaps, Thomas Jefferson hanging as a sort of benevolent cherub overhead. But I cannot believe that any of these would have paid very

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much attention either to Walter Page or to Alan Seeger—or, for that matter, even to Henry James himself.

[*Arthur Bryant's* The American Ideal *will be published in the United States by Longmans Green and Company, New York.*]

Diderot's Disciples

Évolution Humaine. *Edited by Lahy-Hollebeque. Paris: Quillet. 1936.*

L'Espèce Humaine. Volume VII. *Edited by A. de Monzie. Paris: Librairie Larousse. 1936.*

(Léon Pierre-Quint in the *Lumière*, Paris)

ONE must go back to the eighteenth century—period of troubled and inquiring spirits—to find the first genuine encyclopedia, the encyclopedia of Diderot and the 'philosophers.' Between it and our present-day one we find nothing but dictionaries. The first Larousse, which appeared in seven volumes in 1865, is certainly curious enough. Proudhon, who was to have collaborated on it, but who died prematurely, wrote to Pierre Larousse: 'When you get to the articles on *God* and *Property*, let me know. . . . *God* is evil and *Property* is robbery—a statement whose literal meaning I uphold without dreaming of condemning faith in God or of abolishing property.' After quoting this sentence in the preface, Pierre Larousse added: 'This wish, a kind of testament, will be religiously fulfilled.'

Moreover the whole work differs from the Larousses of today in its militant character. But as it gives practically no place to science, it remains defective, and, like nearly all dictionaries, makes the most of contemporary figures who today are utterly forgotten.

These are pitfalls which modern encyclopedias can avoid for the reason that they are now developed along general lines based, above all, upon the idea of evolution. *Human Evolution* is in fact the title of the vast work edited by Mr. Lahy-Hollebeque and prefaced by Paul Langevin. An ambitious title, certainly, since it proposes to sum up the history of man and his various activities in only four volumes. But as a matter of fact, if only by its illustrations, the work evokes with tremendous originality and power the multiple aspects of civilization down the ages.

It is in books of this kind that we can note the progress that has been made in the art of reproduction in the last few years. Is it the influence of the moving picture? Very likely. The picture alone says little; it is the sequence of pictures which captures the attention, with their inter-relationships, their respective positions, their development, acting in one place as connecting links, producing in others the most astounding contrasts.

These are not always photographs, but documents of all kinds: reproductions of ancient and modern paintings, primitive, contemporary and ultra-modern sculpture, manuscripts, and ethnological objects from museums (flints, costumes, etc.). Thus, for instance, the eye passes directly from an East African hut to its modern interpretation by a native or European designer; from paintings on bones of the paleolithic age (leaping bisons, and so forth), or Aztec drawings, with their curious and symbolic outlines, to the works of Breughel or Picasso. But in this there is no impression of confusion: every picture justifies itself even if it is not associated directly with the text, and out of their ensemble a marvelous symphony of human activity evolves.

While remaining objective, the articles in *Human Evolution* incline at the same time toward optimism. Certain of them seem dry, or too concise; this is due to lack of space, or to the fact that many branches of science are still in their infancy: they confine themselves to classification and enumeration. Others, on the history of the military organization of society, or on child education through the ages, give a general glimpse of the subject

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which is both profound and exact. Certain ideas are touched on by all the authors, regardless of subject; for instance: humanity never progressed until, freed from fear of gods and death, it sought the causes of things; through disinterested knowledge it was able to grasp that, in spite of all that divides them, all men, hurled through space on the same planet, are nevertheless bound one to the other and cannot be sundered.

AS I have said, it is not merely by chance that another encyclopedia, the one edited by Mr. de Monzie, is also being published now. When complete it will be of far vaster proportions, as it will number twenty volumes. The seventh of these, entitled *The Human Species*, has just come out. This work, edited by Mr. Paul Rivet, has also brought together some of the foremost men of letters of the day. It has a particular bearing on ethnology in the broad sense of the word, which is to say, ethnology rounded out by the history of technics and by ideology, both products of the human species. A sense of solidarity emanates from this book, as from the preceding one. There are no air-tight compartments dividing the various specialists: their accumulated documents mutually complete each other. Here all races seem mixed, impure. Men, who have mingled together from the beginning of time, must above all coöperate to attain equilibrium and happiness.

Mr. Langevin estimates that we have ahead of us an age five thousand times longer than all the earth's past. It is in working for this perhaps marvelous future that man will find his *raison d'être;* as an integral part of a peaceful society, he can at last find himself. This is the moral drawn from encyclopedias. There is no higher one today. We can be proud to find rallied around it the most diverse, the greatest and the most authoritative names of French science, the names of those who have collaborated in these vast monuments to human knowledge.

More Men of Good Will

LES HOMMES DE BONNE VOLONTÉ. *By Jules Romains. Paris: Flammarion. 1936.*

(Ramon Fernandez in *Marianne*, Paris)

ONE ADVANTAGE of a novel like *Men of Good Will*, which runs on from year to year and almost from season to season, is that one is able to consider it from every angle; and when the author is at once criticized and admired, it is curious and amusing to see whether the praise or blame bestowed is justified later. For my part, I must confess that I get more and more pleasure from reading *Men of Good Will*. At first I was a little restless, and gave this rather slow-moving and precise novel that somewhat artificial attention with which a reader waits to see the proof of an author's ability—proof which the latter had not as yet chosen to give. Now I adapt myself easily enough to Jules Romains's peculiar rhythm. Even those passages which are of not as good a vintage as the rest (the polish of the novel is unequal) interest me because their underlying structure is one which I have learned to recognize.

Not all willing men are necessarily men of good will, as is shown in the two volumes which Mr. Jules Romains submits to us today. With his habitual care for contrast and balance, he has called one *Refuge in the Abyss* and the other *The Creators*. The first deals with men of ill will, or rather of no will; the other exhibits men of will—here the word *will* is not qualified at all. Like Voltaire and all scientists, Romains likes to reveal the petty causes of great effects. In *Pouvoirs* we saw Gurau become a Minister as a result of having been humiliated by a metro employee. In *Refuge in the Abyss*, the novelist George Allory indulges in a lurid debauch because he has been rejected by the Académie Française.

Mr. Romains sets the machine in motion with a great deal of finesse and precision. If Allory, a tame-spirited, urbane,

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and moral novelist, had been received at the Académie, he would have taken his place in the ranks of the defenders of the existing order. Upon being rejected, he begins to imagine forbidden things, just to fill up the emptiness in him and to relieve his distress. Once started, he can no longer stop. He has one definite desire: he wishes to ravish a young girl of good family. He succeeds in this, as is somewhat artificially described (it is here that the polish cracks a little), thanks to the good offices of one of those coarse and obliging ladies who have figured so largely in comedies since the time of Plautus. But this 'success' does not content him. He abandons himself to all those caprices which are recorded in the secret little books put out for the benefit of hurried tourists. Jules Romains's psychological intention is clear; he wished to show the transition from unbridled imagination to unbridled action. And since the narrative is launched by an adroit psychoanalysis of the procuress, we have the feeling of being present at a laboratory experiment.

THE true laboratory, with its odors and its test-tubes, appears in the *Creators*. It takes the central place in the plot; it is the principal character in the book. Dr. Viaur, whom Haverkamp had stationed at the hot springs of Celles, and who prefers research to consultation, happens to discover an extraordinary phenomenon. A hotel valet, Vidalencque, has somehow acquired the ability to stop his heartbeat. Immediately Viaur's mind begins to seethe. His researches deal with the discovery and regulation of the cerebral energy expended in all the functions of the body. One can imagine the immense importance of such a discovery, which would completely alter the theories of the development and control of disease. The analysis Romains gives us of the creator's mental life during his experiments is of the first order. Here the author is entirely at home. Sometimes Viaur is discouraged by the very eccentricity of his hypothesis. 'Modern science is an army. One can fight in the vanguard, but only if one feels the living army behind one. To step to one side, to remain aloof from it seemed to him beyond human power.'

Viaur and his friends are like a strong, healthy breeze from the laboratory. They introduce into a universe of troubled passions the special passion of the seeker after knowledge. This is something that Proust could never have given us.

Viaur is not the only creator in *The Creators*. Strigelius, the poet who seems like a near cousin of Mr. Paul Valéry, pursues his work on poetic creation in spite of the indifference of his public and the material difficulties with which he is beset. Here is another laboratory, an inner one, but one which, like the other, strives to bring the human automaton under the domination of the human will. This amounts to a clever little poetic experiment, and ends in an amusing parody on the *Cimetière Marin*.

This time I am particularly impressed by the experimental character of Jules Romains's art and psychology. Doubtless his method of depiction is realistic, if you wish (though not too popular); but he treats reality as if it were only a possibility. To explain: for every action which he analyzes, every emotion which he describes, Jules Romains seems to don his laboratory blouse and to say: 'Now we are going to examine, one by one, all the possible ramifications of this action or this emotion. Let us place them in a given situation and see what happens.' Thus the reader is being led by the head rather than by the hand, if I may say so. He is made to come in contact, not with life directly, but with its image—a clear one, to be sure, but not a doleful one.

Could I go so far as to say that Jules Romains is an 'assistant' to reality? I believe that this expression is not too forced. That perhaps is why his novel is not equally good throughout. Each episode is possible, that is to say, intelligent. But the most successful ones are those

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in which possibility coincides with direct observation and is bolstered up empirically by an idea or a sensation. Hence, also, that combination of novel and essay styles which seems to me to be the most original part of Jules Romains's technique.

Jules Romains is always master of his style, which is at once personal and transparent. It is calm and poised, and proceeds at a pace which is at once firm and prudent. His discussions of things and impressions are a mixture of analysis and intuition; this makes him, in a way, a poet of rationalism. Here, for example, is a description of a man who is sexually excited:

'Simple words take on a strange solemnity; it seems as if there were bells ringing around them—but muffled bells. This is not the least of the strange sensations that one experiences—this contradictory union of amplitude and confinement, of the sonorous and the muted.'

[*Jules Romains's* Les Hommes de bonne volonté *will be published in the United States by Alfred A. Knopf, New York.*]

Coolen of Brabant

Das Dorf am Fluss. *By Antoon Coolen. Leipzig: Insel-Verlag. 1936.*

(From the *Berliner Tageblatt*, Berlin)

THERE is one type in literature which makes an irresistible appeal to the reader: the figure of the genuine he-man who stands, mentally and physically, head and shoulders above his surroundings. He excels in love and hate, bubbles over with the lust of life, yet remains a moral individual in the higher sense. He is defiant; an inciter; he casts off shackles; he flies in the face of philistinism at every opportunity; in the end, however, he invariably submits to the established order of things because he recognizes it to be necessary. Readers all over the world seem to thrill with the same passion, but perhaps a little too easily, for such characters, who serve as substitutes for a heroism which has passed. They range from the go-getter and adventurer the Americans have evolved to the lusty son of nature in whom a spark of the great god Pan still glows.

Side by side with Timmermans, to whom characters of this kind come easily, his countryman, thirty-nine-year-old Antoon Coolen of Brabant, now takes his place. Coolen's latest novel, *The Village by the River*, has just appeared, and will undoubtedly arouse great interest. The village, the river, and between them a man—these are the ingredients, ingredients such as Giono, too, so often develops against the background of nature. Coolen paints the picture of the giant Frisian physician, Tjerke van Taeke, whom fate has set down in the midst of poverty, viciousness and stupidity. As if from a castle, where he lives with his gentle wife and his wild sons, this medical knight sans fear and sans reproach rides out to his patients. He is a fanatic of healing, and he does not mind crossing the drift-ice of the Maas in a blizzard to help a woman in labor. But when he steps to the bed of an aged rascal, he can also be as hard as death itself. He is a doctor with gun in hand, a mad despiser of pain, a blasphemer, and a devout Christian.

There is something inexorable about Coolen. He is not afraid of almost painful realism, but switches over suddenly into mad humor. He is a near relative of Breughel, lacking that almost southern grace, that imaginativeness which so often enchants us in Timmermans. But he possesses the same fullness of life and sincerity of insight, even though he occasionally has some torments in store for us. The rich Flemish literature has produced a new writer of European stature.

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OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

POLITICAL AND DIPLOMATIC HISTORY OF RUSSIA. *By George Vernadsky. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 1936. 499 pages. $4.00.*

IN A score of years Professor Vernadsky has had experiences enough to satisfy a Haliburton, without losing his perspective as a student of man's life on earth. After a quiet start as a student and then a professor of history in Moscow, he went through years of war, of living under German military occupation, and then of the feverish changes of the civil wars in the Crimea. Throughout this bewildering period he remained the historian, being able to fit the events which he saw into their proper place in history. Not even a desolate winter in Constantinople, where he was jobless and destitute, could ruin his life. He emerged, finally, into archæological work in Athens, and then returned to the field of history at the University of Prague. He was asked to come to Yale in 1927—a post which he has occupied ever since.

It might perhaps have been better if Professor Vernadsky had not been so thoroughly at home in his subject matter, for in the volume under review he soon becomes involved in the intricate events of the Kievan period, after a helpful explanation of Russia's geography. These events, marked by continual intrigues, bloodshed, and breaches of faith by the petty princes of Rus, can have interest only for the specialist. The average reader would probably find more useful a briefer treatment which confined itself largely to broad trends and generalizations.

From the general reader's viewpoint, Professor Vernadsky's account of Muscovite and Imperial Russian times is much better. The growing centralization of authority allowed him to give an understandable chronicle, which is particularly good when dealing with the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. But it is regrettable that he should have limited himself so strictly to the political and diplomatic aspects of the period. The Emancipation of 1861, for example, receives only brief explanation, so that the reader without a knowledge of its results for the peasants will fail to realize why Russia's subsequent history was marked by famines, agrarian uprisings, reaction and assassination. A hint is given on page 337: 'The prosperity of the financiers presented a sharp contrast with the pauperism of the peasant masses, oppressed as they were by both regular taxes and redemption payments.' But this is little enough to give to the underlying cause of so many of Imperial Russia's tragedies. Other examples of slighting the economic and social background of politics and diplomacy are not lacking.

Nor are the chapters on the Soviet régime impressive; there are only twenty-three pages on the years since 1918! The essentials are given without evident bias; but none the less this section does not equal the chapters on pre-Revolutionary Russia.

It is not hard to find other minor defects. There are risky comparisons between pre-War phenomena and items from the Soviet period—for example, the 'play regiments' of the young Peter I are likened to the Komsomols. Also, the reviewer felt that some of the details on the Ukrainian problem might well have been left out. But these are trifles. In spite of them the volume, with its valuable chapters on the Imperial era, fills a gap in the thin ranks of sound works in English on Russian History.

—JOHN S. CURTISS

TRAVELS IN TWO DEMOCRACIES. *By Edmund Wilson. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 1936. 325 pages. $2.50.*

A TRIP through the Soviet Union is likely to be an emotional even more than a geographical experience, and the pilgrims who return with a genuflecting scenario for the *New Masses* are balanced by the sardonic tipsters who take Mr. Hearst's fat check for an 'exposé,' with photos of Ukrainian war dead used to represent the starving Muscovites of 1936.

Both camps are disturbed, therefore, by a reporter who comes home confessing both his earnest sympathy and his troubled bourgeois Americanism. A sheaf of sketches on the life of his native country during depression years leads him to his steamer; and these portraits—all of them etching strokes of shabbiness and vapidity, such as the masterly *Inaugural Parade, 1933*—suggest that this man's voyage will be a conversion.

But Edmund Wilson, who breaks the tradition of the eternal second-class traveler by

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having a freight-car rider's eye, close to the ground, discovers not only the power and newness of Russian engineering, organization, theater, but also the 'casualness, the frivolity, the evasiveness, the inexactitude of some aspects of Russian life.' A spell in an Odessa hospital teaches him where the Soviet wonders lag; an awed silence in response to his mention of 'Stalin' estranges him. He concludes his shrewd tour convinced that 'American republican institutions have some permanent and absolute value.'

Yet in the end Mr. Wilson admits what was implicit throughout the book: that we cannot reprove the Russians until we can show them an American Socialism which is free from Russian defects. And in a final passage whose sustained power and imagery will make it long remembered as a contribution to American prose, he describes his strongest Soviet impression as one of 'extraordinary heroism,' leading him to feel that in Russia 'you are at the moral top of the world, where the light never really goes out.'

—William Harlan Hale

On the Rim of the Abyss. *By James T. Shotwell. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1936. 400 pages. $3.00.*

IT IS the prevailing tendency of contemporary pessimists and defeatists to bewail the 'inglorious collapse' of the League of Nations and to point to the expansionist tendencies of unsatiated Italy, Japan and Germany as meaning the end of collective security. Like Hitler, they hold the *Völkerbund* to be moribund; for them the Second World War is inevitable. Professor Shotwell effectively explodes this myth in his latest book. 'It is one of the hopeful signs of a desperate situation,' he says, 'that the techniques of peaceful change can endure and even grow under the very shadow of the "gathering war-cloud."'

This brilliant book, beautifully written, is an excellent guide, for the layman as well as for the professional historian, to the fundamentals of post-War international organization. Once again has the author demonstrated his capacity as one of the nation's most level-headed thinkers.

Professor Shotwell places the United States in comparative security on the outer rim of an abyss shaped in concentric circles, which narrow as they deepen towards the centre of the gulf. Although relatively safe from the vortex, we cannot hope to escape the dangers and responsibilities which involve us in a modern world made smaller since the industrial revolutions. After reviewing the whole range of American relations with the League since its inception, the author concludes that the United States will eventually enter the League. This nation 'will not continue forever in a position which so manifestly violates its aspirations and mocks its ideals.'

The admitted failures of the League should not blind us to the necessity for it, Professor Shotwell holds. From the historian's viewpoint, the creative movements of history never run smoothly towards their goal: obstacles to progress are often the best of stepping stones. The League will be successful—even if modified—because it is the one way to peace.

This is an important and timely book. It is emphatically not the little man's protest drowned in the roar of Niagara, but on the contrary it is the work of a remarkable mind, systematic, thorough, dignified, a specimen of great and noble thinking. 'Humanity has struck its tents and is on the march,' despite Ethiopia, Outer Mongolia and the Rhineland.

—Louis Leo Snyder

Modern Government 'as a Busybody in Other Men's Matters.' *By Sir Ernest J. P. Benn. New York: D. Appleton-Century Company. 1936. 245 pages. $2.00.*

THAT many recent developments of government activity may be undesirable is fully possible; and it is quite probable that various policies are mistaken in objective, badly implemented by legislation, or poorly administered. But it does not follow that the passive policeman state alone is justifiable, that government should retire completely from the fields of economic control and social welfare promotion, or that the function of law should be merely to apply the brake on individual initiative when it threatens the traditional rights to safety of property and person. Yet Sir Ernest's thesis is just that: he is an extreme advocate of *laissez-faire*.

The tone of his advocacy can best be judged from a few quotations.

'The simple circumstance that no Government action, except on the rare occasions when it has a negative effect, has ever done anything but economic harm, is too simple to be noticed

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by a generation devoted to politics as the drunkard is to drink.'

'Everybody is entitled to help; almost everybody is asking for it; all the Governments of the world are providing it, and in consequence civilization is on its last legs.'

'But for the intervention of trade unionism and the Labor movement, the social and economic status of the laborer would long ago have risen above the status of any other class.'

'No obedience is due to the teacher who takes advantage of our innocence to fill our minds with his own speculations on the shape of things to come.'

'There is nothing in the whole realm of propaganda to hold a candle to the skill of Sidney and Beatrice Webb in interweaving the science of administration with the theories of robbery and destruction.'

'To discover the human being in a bureaucrat he must be persuaded to talk about his garden or his salary; in all other respects he lives in a world where no really human being has ever lived.'

'The immorality of collectivism is invariably supported by a shallow show of good intentions. . . .'

'. . . it requires the full faith of a believing individualism to appreciate the damage and folly of, say, town planning by a district council. . . .'

'. . . the problem of the slums is simply the problem of distributing the population over the houses that exist. That problem settles itself if it is left alone.'

'Children were sent by guardians, who represented the best of the public opinion of those days [the period of the Industrial Revolution], out of the misery of the workhouse into the comparative light and air of the factory.'

'To the individualist the League of Nations is a backward step, because all collectivism is retrograde.'

And thus *passim*, and quite *ad nauseam*. There is here little aid to sober and moderate conservatives, but ample ammunition for revolutionaries. One is inclined to ask whether Benn would allow the state to spend money for the burial of those who starved to death under his policy, on grounds of public health, or whether he would consider them, unburied, a useful public demonstration of the moral superiority of non-interference and of the practical value of unbridled competition.

—THOMAS I. COOK

THE FOUNDER OF THE HOUSE. *By Naomi Jacob. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1936. 394 pages. $2.50.*

THE SKY BUT NOT THE HEART. *By R. L. Duffus. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1936. 316 pages. $2.50.*

STARLIGHT. *By H. Mortimer Batten. New York: D. Appleton-Century Company. 1936. 241 pages. $2.00.*

ENGLAND HAVE MY BONES. *By T. H. White. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1936. 334 pages. $2.50.*

HERE is an assortment of prose fiction, serving yet again to demonstrate the truth of Abel Chevalley's classic definition of the novel. Miss Jacob's is another of those long Jewish family stories to which the English seem to take so kindly—a narrative ski-jump down the generations, brightly and observantly written. *The Sky But Not The Heart* is a considerable improvement over most imaginary-kingdom novels, for it abandons the imaginary kingdom early in its second chapter. Uneven, excellent in patches, occasionally really amusing, it contains a wonder-woman of incredible loveliness, who meets a tragic death, and a philosophical anarchist named Bismarck Goldman, whose difficulty, he says, is that he can see both sides. In it are also a boatload of deported Fascists, Communists, Nazis, Single Taxers, and Christian Socialists who make a troubled voyage in a leaky vessel. Sound light summer stuff. Mr. Batten's *Starlight* is a rattling good story of the life and adventures of a wolf. *England Have My Bones* takes the Chevalley dictum a little further, for it is not a novel, but a diary. No one to whom literature is repose and escape should miss it, however, for it is full of such sentences as: 'I saw a heron, two redshanks, and a kestrel;' 'It was a hellish day, but in some ways grand, because it was medieval;' 'If only there was a pub to go to, and English beer for my evening, this would be the most perfect day of my life;' 'Grass snakes are fascinating pets;' 'But it is worth while to live with a little bit of danger. One is so surrounded in peace time with the depravity of the modern world;' 'I love living in the country and am profoundly thankful that I don't like living in towns;' 'We killed eight brace of partridges, with five hares, a pigeon and a rabbit.'

There is also much about salmon fishing, trees, flying, dart-throwing, an admirable passage on the decadent practice of frequent

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bathing, and hardly anything at all about Fascists, Communists, Nazis, Single Taxers, or Christian Socialists.

—HENRY BENNETT

A NOTE ON LITERARY CRITICISM. *By James T. Farrell. New York: The Vanguard Press. 1936. 221 pages. $2.50.*

THIS book is as useful as it is interesting, for it states the issues and summarizes the debate that has been revolving about Left-wing criticism. Mr. Farrell begins with a statement of the dual rôle of literature, which is both æsthetic and functional, at the same time a branch of the fine arts and an instrument of social influence. If either of these aspects is neglected, the result is incomplete. He therefore dismisses as incorrect extremism the pure æstheticism of 'art for art's sake,' for it deals with experience outside the social context which gives that experience meaning. Similarly, he dismisses the functional extremism of Catholicism and Humanism on the Right, because they tend to produce literature, the didacticism of which is irrelevant to the times. Having made his thesis clear, he then proceeds to the body of his book, the examination of Left-wing criticism.

Here he finds the same functional extremism which he found in Humanism, but because it is politically and socially relevant, and therefore valuable, he attempts to correct it. This is to be done by a better application of the dialectic method to Left-wing criticism of both contemporary and old literature. And yet, despite his own recommendation, Mr. Farrell's criticism is mechanical. He disregards the social context in which the criticism to which he objects is set, and forgets that the dual rôle of literature, which his book assumes to be axiomatic, was a vigorously debated question not many years ago. Under such conditions functional extremism was necessary in order that the functional aspect of literature might be recognized at all. Mr. Farrell's book is itself evidence that the functional extremism of which he complains was justified, or at least effective. The axiom with which he begins became axiomatic only because functional extremism on the Left made it clear that literature does have a functional side. As soon as that point was made the movement away from functional extremism began.

Another point which Mr. Farrell confesses he is not the first to make is that the terms 'bourgeois' and 'proletarian' are descriptive categories and not standards of value when applied to literature. He can therefore see that Proust's writing 'can come only at the end of a period' and that it has 'that peculiar beauty that is seen in decay.' Mr. Farrell sees, then, that one can put Proust in the category of 'decadent bourgeois' without denying the real beauty and greatness of his work. He implies also that not every type of writing is suitable for every stage in the development of a society. Yet he sees extremism in Radek's statement that Balzac, who wrote 'when the middle class was healthy,' would be a more fruitful influence for Soviet writers than Joyce, who 'writes of the middle class at an opposite historical pole.' But if we disregard the difference in period and take the beauty of decay as a model for a literature of growth, we disregard the social context and see literature in a social vacuum.

Mr. Farrell is particularly provoked by the interest which is shown in the collective novel. '. . . any hierarchy of values in novels according to their form,' he says, 'is meaningless. Distinctions must be of another order.' In this he is, of course, right. But Mr. Farrell is not right when he implies that in the collective novel the writer neglects characterization and fails to individualize. If these, and other necessary qualities, are missing, we have a bad collective—or biographical—novel. Nor is the point of the collective novel a theory of the value of forms. It is rather the necessity of a given form in a given society. In a society that is interested primarily in the interactions of groups and classes the collective form may be a necessary, even if not a sufficient, factor in making a good novel. Certainly there is a tendency in the biographical novel to fall into the great man fallacy of social development. Even in the period of naturalism the collective form was found valuable. Hauptmann's *Weavers*, which came closest to the collective form, also came closest to being 'proletarian' and revolutionary.

Mr. Farrell has done a valuable piece of work in writing this book, but his fear of extremism has occasionally made his criticism captious. He is too much afraid that descriptive categories will be used as standards of value, and he is not always consistent. But if one keeps these faults in mind, reading his book is a stimulating experience.

—JOSEPH KRESH

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WE THE LIVING. *By Ayn Rand. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1936. 570 pages. $2.50.*

THIS is a novel about the Soviet Union in the year 1922. Its shifting patterns of love affairs and political ideas center on a girl of the bourgeois class with whom two men, one an aristocrat and the other a Communist, are in love. Miss Rand, herself a Russian, writes with sympathy and power, but not always with conviction, of the life of those Russians who were not in sympathy with the new order. She contrasts the sordid conditions of the years after the Revolution—the poverty, ignorance and political corruption of the new class in power—with the integrity of those who had lost their jewelry and grand pianos in the upheaval but had kept, in this novel, their standards and their ideals. Curiously, the only plausible and developed character in Miss Rand's confused but fast-paced story is that of the Communist. —A. K. B.

FINLAND: THE NEW NATION. *By Agnes Rothery. New York: The Viking Press. Illustrated and Indexed. 1936. 257 pages. $3.00.*

IN READING Miss Rothery's engaging survey of Finland one has the feeling that she has let her enthusiasm for the country carry her too far, that she has written not as an analyst but as a wide-eyed tourist who sees only marvels. To her everything in Finland is, if not perfect, at least as it should be. It is, indeed, hard to disapprove a land where debts are considered obligations to be paid promptly when due, and where the people in general have shown themselves so superhumanly intelligent in the handling of their affairs—being wise enough, for example, to conserve their natural resources and yet get the most out of them; to set up a system of coöperatives which, like Sweden's, actually work, are of mutual benefit, and act as a check against the growth of monopolies; to provide at Government expense decent homes for workingmen and to abolish slums (although, and this may be the catch, wages for these workingmen are not much higher than the subsistance level) . . . A land, finally, where order and decency and cleanliness—and other virtues might be enumerated—are civic as well as personal traits.

Miss Rothery may have been rather generous in her estimate. But she has done a good and comprehensive job. And she has certainly indicated that Finland has, quietly and unobtrusively, become a nation which others might look to as a model.

—ARTHUR HEINEMANN

WHAT A WORD! Being an Account of the Principles and Progress of 'The Word War' conducted in 'Punch,' to the great Improvement and Delight of the People, and the lasting Benefit of the King's English, with many Ingenious Exercises and Horrible Examples. *By A. P. Herbert. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. 1936. 286 pages. $2.00.*

THERE is a sad dearth of learned *and* mirth-provoking books. It is true that few subjects lend themselves readily to serio-comic treatment. History has been reviewed jocularly (but with no very side-splitting results), and sex, and English. And besides these . . .? The laughable-learned works on the sexual behavior of men and animals are, moreover, as a rule only funny unintentionally and indirectly, while those on English are still so rare that Mr. Herbert earns our heartiest thanks for giving us a book that takes a rightful place beside *Modern English Usage* and *The American Language.*

The temptation to quote from the slashing attacks on 'Jungle English' ('Jungle. Fig. A wild, tangled mass.'), 'Cannibal English,' 'Witch-Words,' and 'Sneer-Words' is powerful, and must, I understand, be repressed. I hope there may be room for: '"*Identified with* . . ." This is an enemy. . . . "The late mayor always identified himself with the Boy Scouts . . ." so that, we may presume, it was never possible to say which was the Mayor and which the Boy Scouts. One good lady, I remember, "identified herself" not only with the Temperance movement but with Winchester Cathedral; and when that building had to be repaired a few years ago the contractor's men began by erecting scaffold-poles round Mrs. Potts, a pardonable mistake.'

Before we put *What A Word!* aside for frequent reference we shall have read every line of it, and we shall smile, but shamefacedly, knowing that Mr. Herbert's accusing finger points at us. We shall resolve, between laughter and tears, to sin no more, or at least to try to refrain from committing unforgivable offences against our mother-tongue.

—H. B.

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CORRESPONDENCE

In Defence of Marx

To the Editor of The Living Age

Sir:—In his review, which you reprinted from the *Observer* in the August Living Age, Professor A. D. Lindsay has apparently made a sympathetic effort to do justice to the philosophy of Marx as expounded in my *From Hegel to Marx* (John Day, 1936). He confesses himself, however, utterly unable to see in Marx's theory of truth anything but 'a mixture of muddled thinking and pretentious nonsense.' Since I have maintained that it is precisely Marx's theory of truth which expresses the logic of scientific inquiry, Professor Lindsay seeks to distinguish between the two. In this, as I shall soon show, he fails lamentably. In fact he builds up a shadow of an argument against Marx only in virtue of two things: an incorrect statement of Marx's theory of truth and a confusion between judgments of value and judgments of fact. Both flow from his crypto-Hegelianism, according to which values and facts are essentially one.

For Marx a judgment is true insofar as the consequences which flow from acting on it realize the antecedently predicted outcome. From this it follows that the validation of every judgment (hypothesis, theory) involves some transformative operations of some phase of the situation in which inquiry is going on, and that no judgment of fact can be established as final or certain. Professor Lindsay states Marx's view as if it implied that any consequences which we find desirable—whether predicted or not—constitute evidence of the truth of a theory, and further, that the experimental activity set up to test a theory changes or cooks the facts to be known. 'This new doctrine,' he writes, 'suggests that you lay down an hypothesis which is not true when you make it, which you proceed to make true by changing the facts.'

With all due respect to Professor Lindsay, this is a travesty of Marx's theory. It is not the facts to be known, the predicted outcome, which are altered by experimental action, but only those phases of the situation under inquiry which are likely to yield relevant data upon which to base conclusions. It is not any old consequence which just turns up—whether to our delight or disgust—that has evidential value but only those consequences which can be shown to be implied by the hypothesis and its related practice. Unless some procedure is indicated by which a theory may be verified, it is scientifically meaningless. Unless the antecedently specified consequences of the procedure adopted are realized, the theory is scientifically false. There is nothing mysterious or esoteric about this doctrine: the whole of science depends upon it.

Professor Lindsay's failure to grasp Marx's meaning is due to his refusal to dissociate questions of fact from questions of value. His very illustrations, offered as a *reductio ad absurdum* of Marx's theory, reveal this in the crassest way. He writes: 'It would appear from this (Marx's theory) to follow that if, in order to produce revolutionary action, say against the Jews, you accuse Jews of horrible atrocities and thereby make men hate them, you thus scientifically prove that they are hateful.' This is the sheerest nonsense and no more follows from Marx's theory than the proposition that if I get men to believe that the moon is made of green cheese, then it is a scientific fact that the moon has the chemical composition of cheese.

In order to drive this point home, I take the liberty of presenting a simple analysis of Professor Lindsay's illustration in order to show that it is a complete *non sequitur*, and ambiguous to boot. For Professor Lindsay does not make clear what the hypothesis is which his illustration is supposed to prove. It may mean either: (1) that the Jews, at any given time or place, are hateful, or (2) that if the Jews are accused of horrible atrocities, the German people can be *made to believe* that they are hateful.

How would we go about proving (1)? We must first define *hateful*. Roughly, an object, situation, or person is hateful if most people usually experience a feeling of revulsion in regard to it. How would we scientifically test the proposition that, at a given time and place, a certain group of people find the Jews hateful? By performing definite *operations*—psychological tests, questionnaires, interviews, etc., that is, by setting up changes in the relevant fea-

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tures of the situation, in order to gather evidence of their reactions. *We do not first infect them with anti-Semitism and then test their reactions to Jews any more than in testing whether a man has malaria we begin by infecting him with the disease.*

How would we prove (2)? In the same way as we would test the proposition: '*If* dogs are fed arsenic, they will die,' i.e., by performing the operations suggested in the antecedent clause. On the basis of past history and Hitler's actions, I am prepared to grant the truth of the proposition, 'If people are fed with horrible atrocity stories about the Jews, they can be made to believe that Jews (or any other group, for that matter) are hateful.' Now, why *should* dogs be fed arsenic and why *should* people be fed with atrocity stories about Jews? That is a moral question. Professor Lindsay and I believe they should *not* but this in no way affects the truth of the propositions in this paragraph. If space permitted, I could easily show that on Professor Lindsay's own Hegelian theory of the identity of the real and ideal, *he* is committed to the belief that whatever is true is good and whatever is good is true. Marx's social theory can explain why it is that the German people were fed with atrocity stories. And not resting with Professor Lindsay in an easy moral condemnation, Marx went further, and on the basis of his investigations of the cause of anti-Semitism maintained that '*if* economic classes were abolished, and education were pruned of its anthropological and religious myths, anti-Semitism would disappear.' This is an hypothesis which can only be properly tested by introducing the relevant social changes implied in the antecedent clause.

I do not know how Professor Lindsay explains moral judgments, but for Marx they are judgments of value based on social interests and so long as social interests are incompatible there will be incompatible moral judgments. The scientific approach to social questions analyzes the causes, consequences, and methods of achieving social ideals. Social *ideals* may be intelligently chosen or not, they may be noble or base, but as judgments of *value*—except where they are instrumental to move ultimate ideals—they are neither true nor false. Science as such is not concerned with them. It can only point out the costs and the probabilities that some methods of realizing them will be more successful than others. The ultimate choice is not dictated by knowledge. It is our own responsibility and expresses the kind of men and women we are.

SIDNEY HOOK

South Wardsboro, Vt.

COMPANY TOWNS

TO the Editor of THE LIVING AGE

Sir:—Sixty years ago as a small boy I used to take down a volume from the rows of bound volumes of *Littell's Living Age*, and lying on the floor, read as long as time would permit. Having since that time been a continuous reader of the magazine, I feel I have the right to ask you a question.

In your August issue under the 'Guide Post' you say:—

'In the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania and the industrial sections of Ohio, Indiana, and Michigan there are not a few towns in which everything is owned by the company from the factories and mines down to the houses in which the workers live.' Etc.

This is a definite, unqualified statement, and therefore must be based upon actual knowledge. Will you please give me the names of some such towns in Western Pennsylvania?

A. C. ROBINSON

Sewickley, Pa.

[In Aliquippa (Beaver County), the Jones and Laughlin Steel Corporation owns practically all the mills and most of the houses, and, through its various subsidiaries, is said to control the street railway and bus lines, the ice and coal company, the bank, the real estate firm, and the principal department store. In Vandergrift, Westmoreland County, the dominant industry, indeed the only industry, is the Carnegie-Illinois Steel Corporation. The U. S. Steel Corporation owns, controls and polices the 'captive mine' communities of Smock, Filbert and 'Colonial No. 1, No. 2, and No. 3,' in Fayette County, while the Youngstown Sheet and Tube Company exercises a similar sway over Nemacolin, Crucible and Mather (all of Greene County). Still other towns in Western Pennsylvania which are to a greater or less degree company-dominated are Braddock, Duquesne, Homestead, McKeesport, and Rankin, all in Allegheny County; Ambridge (Beaver County); Farrell and Sharon (Mercer County); and Monessen (Westmoreland County). Doubtless the list could be considerably extended. THE EDITOR.]

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AMERICA AND THE LEAGUE

A Symposium—V

DR. WINSLOW S. ANDERSON, dean of Rollins College, Winter Park, Florida, believes that we should keep out of European wars by refusing to trade with the belligerents. Dr. Anderson writes:—

Certainly no 'sanctions' of the League of Nations could be successful unless the United States of America became a party to the sanctions. I have long thought that the United States should be a member of the League because of the prestige and strength which the United States would add to it, but the functioning of the League in the last few months has changed my opinion. It appears now that the League in its present organization is somewhat similar to a chain and no stronger than its weakest member. The ideal back of the League is right and should prevail, but in the Italo-Ethiopian War the League seems to have shown itself to be entirely impotent—this because of the unwillingness of some of the members to present a united front and to function free from nationalistic interests. As long as the present organization set-up prevails I can see little hope of the League controlling world peace. It does not have the strength and prestige to enforce its decisions.

I hope that European hostilities may never eventuate but I doubt if the League can prevent hostilities, although it may delay them. In any event I believe the United States should not become involved in European hostilities unless attacked and should refrain from dealing with the belligerents in any way. The remainder of the world markets would be open for our trade and these should suffice in the absence of competition from belligerents. Perhaps a European war might give us occasion to focus our attention on the rich South American markets. In view of the evident mess which the European governments made of the Italo-Ethiopian situation I doubt if the American people can be convinced that they should again 'save the world' by becoming involved in European disputes.

PROFESSOR EDGAR C. DECOU, head of the Department of Mathematics of the University of Oregon, is good enough to preface his reply with a kind word about THE LIVING AGE:—

I feel that THE LIVING AGE is presenting clearly and fairly the most outstanding movements in world affairs, and pointing out their significance for Americans—a very important and much needed service.

HE THEN gives his stand on the League of Nations and United States neutrality:—

The present international crisis is so ominous that every effort should be made to secure clear thinking, followed by wise action, to prevent another world war.

Although I believe that we should ultimately join the League of Nations from the standpoint of enlightened self-interest, I do not think that the time is yet ripe for that. For the present I feel that we should adopt a strictly neutral attitude toward European affairs.

Nevertheless, we should in every feasible way uphold the democratic principles for which Great Britain and her Dominions stand, and give every moral and material support to them and the other democratic countries in stemming the tide of extreme nationalism, and dictatorship of whatever kind.

IN COMMON with the great majority of the contributors to this symposium, Dr. D. L. Crawford, president of the University of Hawaii, believes that the United States should not join the League of Nations, though he feels that had we joined it at the time of its organization, its history might have been different:—

I feel very distinctly that the League of Nations has steadily moved into a narrowing channel of interest in European affairs as distinct from world affairs. To the extent that this is true, I believe that it would be unwise and perhaps even disastrous for the United States to join the League. Possibly, if our Government had seen fit to join at the outset, the force of our membership might have been sufficient to keep the League in broader chan-

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nels, but I am convinced that the time has passed when our membership would be able to accomplish anything of that kind. In some of the splendid international activities of the League such as intellectual coöperation, narcotic control, labor matters, etc., certainly our country should continue to give the fullest possible coöperation.

WHILE deploring the loss of prestige the League of Nations has suffered as a result of its failure to stop Italian aggression in Ethiopia, Dr. E. R. Hedrick, professor of mathematics in the University of California, refuses to abandon all hope. Professor Hedrick writes:—

Some of us had believed (or hoped without real belief) that the League of Nations might be the long-sought means of world peace. That such hopes have faded is in fact more noteworthy, significant, regrettable, than are any of those *Faits Accomplis* which serve to emphasize it.

Japan, violating obviously many a treaty, takes over large portions of China. Italy, by the League's own decision, attacks Ethiopia without provocation, and is at the moment of this writing mopping up the last traces of that luckless adversary. Germany sends soldiers into the Rhineland in direct violation of the Locarno Pact, not to mention the forgotten Versailles Treaty of somewhat malodorous quality.

To one who advocates *peace*, such happenings may be painful enough, and they are right shocking in some respects even to the more callous among us. But, as isolated events, their significance in a world long accustomed to the rule of the sword is as nothing when compared with the evidence by and through them of the failure of the League as an instrument of peace.

Japan's entry into China, Italy's seizure of Ethiopia, Germany's violation of the Locarno Pact, are not different either in kind or in degree from the many similar seizures by force, conquests by arms, violations of treaties, which have characterized this uncivilized world of ours since time began. Shall I insult the reader by citation of instances?

The difference, the cause for disappointment, lies not in the novelty of the things done, but in the destruction of our hopes for a new day. Weak as was the structure of the League, it lay within the power of a few nations to make that structure function effectively to prevent war. It is patent that neither Japan nor Italy nor Germany could have done what they have done if the ruling motive of all of the other great powers had been the prevention of war rather than the promotion by each power separately of certain of its own selfish interests.

When shall we learn? What possible advantages to a given great power can compare with the advantage of a guaranteed peace? True, as Simonds had pointed out, that such powers as Italy and Germany (which he called the 'have-nots') might conceivably profit. But the 'haves' can profit only from peace, and from a maintenance of the *status quo*. France, England, Russia, as well as America, should work for peace not only as a somewhat academic ethical matter, but also from the most callous standpoint of major selfish advantage. *Work for peace* not alone by a trifling propaganda that sometimes hides things more sinister than war; work for it by those more effective means well-known in every European Chancellory, and in our Department of State. When shall we learn?

What shall we learn? Is it to be that no League can ever succeed? Is it to be that democracies blunder and procrastinate to a fatal degree? Is it to be that only a dictator and dictatorial methods can succeed—can survive? If this be the outcome, then indeed are these years sad, full of disillusion, promising great misery.

By comparison, then, the acts of Japan, of Italy, of Germany, are of small moment as isolated events. What matters most is the meaning of these things on the future of the League, on the future of democratic government. Is it too cynical to reflect that we are now facing, as one result of a 'war to make the world safe for democracy,' the active threat that all democracy shall vanish from the Earth?

I would then focus attention upon the major problems that confront us: How *may we* make the world safe for democracy? How may we enforce peace practically? Is it too late for the powers that can enforce peace to *decide to do so?* Would this, too, mean *War?*

I, for one, do not think that such a program would mean War, if it could be done by several great powers working honorably together. Is that also only academic and visionary dreaming? If so, by all means let us have War, for that is all that remains.

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WITH THE ORGANIZATIONS

REALIZING the danger to liberty and peace Mr. Hearst's journalistic activities represent, a number of liberals and Left-wingers have formed the Peoples' Committee Against Hearst, which they describe as 'a popular movement opposed to William Randolph Hearst, chief American exponent of war and Fascism.' By propaganda in various forms, economic pressure on advertisers in Hearst-owned papers, mass-meetings, and other methods the Committee hopes to arouse thinking Americans against this menace. Interested individuals and groups are urged to write to the Committee's secretary, Miss Eleanor Brennen, 45 East 17th Street, New York, N. Y.

FACED with demands for its services which far exceed its resources, the American Committee for Protection of Foreign Born (100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.) is issuing an appeal for funds. The Committee has saved the lives of many anti-Nazis and other political refugees by preventing their deportation to the lands of their birth. Sustaining membership, at $10 a year, entitles the donor to all the press releases, bulletins and other material the Committee issues.

'THE relations of the United States to the three principal agencies organized since the World War for the development of coöperation and peace between nations were as uneven during 1935 as the world situation which formed their background,' according to the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. In a study of those relations, entitled *The United States and World Organization during 1935*, the Endowment states that there was 'much of reversal and something of fitfulness' in the policy pursued. The pamphlet records in detail our relations with the League, the Permanent Court for International Justice, and the International Labor Organization last year. Single copies may be had from the Endowment (405 West 117 Street, New York, N. Y.) at five cents each.

THE Biosophical Institute, which is devoted to 'character and peace education' (23 West 87 Street, New York, N. Y.), is launching a campaign to have a 'Secretary of Peace' added to the President's Cabinet. The opening salvo is the publication in the current issue of the *Biosophical Review* of an article by Dr. Frederick Kettner explaining the need for such an office. The Institute is seeking the endorsement and aid of leaders in all fields of social activity, and will be glad to send reprints of the article on request.

IN ITS annual report for the fiscal year ending June 26, 1936, the American League to Abolish Capital Punishment recounts the victories and defeats of the twelvemonth, and adds a plea for contributions to its work. The object of the League is 'to abolish capital punishment' throughout the country. Though it does not, strictly speaking, fall within the purview of THE LIVING AGE, we are glad to give space to the League's appeal, for we feel that its work, particularly its efforts to save adolescents and minors from legal death, is worthy of the sympathy and support of our readers. Checks may be sent to Miss Mary Dubrow, Treasurer, 124 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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THE GUIDE POST
(Continued)

months ago, for instance, Mr. Richard Freeman could have been found in a political prison in Rio. He had gone to Brazil to collect material for a book about the country; but he had not been there long before he was given an opportunity to see for himself what a Brazilian jail is like. In *Brazilian Misadventure* he describes the experience. [p. 56]

MEANWHILE, on the other side of the globe, Mr. Philip Jordan was making his leisurely way through Bengal and Assam to the ferry which crosses the Bramaputra River at Armingaon. His first sight of that mighty stream was, he says, disappointing, 'for although it was several miles broad, it was naturally not so impressive as I had imagined it would prove to be.' But if the river was disappointing, Mr. Jordan's fellow travelers were not. The motley crowd of orientals he encountered at the ferry fascinated him, and the result is *Bramaputra Crossing*. [p. 60]

THE 'Persons' of the month are Mussolini, as he appears to the admiring eyes of a German newspaper man [p. 34]; Sir Hubert Murray, brother of Gilbert Murray and Governor of Papua [p. 36]; Madame Irène Joliot-Curie, daughter of the discoverer of radium and Under Secretary for Scientific Research in the Léon Blum Cabinet [p. 40]; and Maxim Gorki, the late Russian novelist [p. 42].

OF THE reviewers of 'Books Abroad,' Wickham Steed is lecturer on Central European history at King's College, London; Kurt Hiller is an extreme Left-wing German émigré, and a former contributor to the old *Weltbühne;* Edward Shanks has written numerous volumes of essays and verse; Léon Pierre-Quint is the author of a study of Proust—his *On Rereading Marcel Proust* was published in the March LIVING AGE; and Ramon Fernandez is a Mexican who lives and works in Paris.

OUR OWN reviewers include John S. Curtiss, instructor in history at Columbia University; William Harlan Hale, novelist and writer of short stories; Louis Leo Snyder, who teaches history at the College of the City of New York; Thomas I. Cook, assistant professor of political science at the University of California; Henry Bennett, whose translation of Jean Giono appears in this issue; Joseph Kresh, free-lance writer and translator; and Arthur Heinemann, scenario writer and reader.

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